

BF
B973u
1842



MS
A

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

Bethesda, Maryland

G. B. GATES.

Buxton, Warren

U N C L E S A M ' S

R E C O M M E N D A T I O N

O F

P H R E N O L O G Y

T O H I S

M I L L I O N S O F F R I E N D S

I N T H E

U N I T E D S T A T E S .

In a Series of not very dull Letters.

N E W - Y O R K :

H A R P E R A N D B R O T H E R S , 8 2 C L I F F - S T .

1842.

BF
B973W
1842

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by
HARPER & BROTHERS,
In the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

NEW-YORK
HARPER AND BROTHERS, 25 NASSAU ST.
1842

14-14/96

C O N T E N T S.

Letter		Page
	I. Salutatory and Introductory	5
	II. Way and Manner	8
	III. The Why and Wherefore of our Writing	13
	IV. The Whence and What of Phrenology .	34
	V. How Phrenology gets along here	40
	VI. Beginning to begin	47
	VII. Pairing: and the Half of a Story	52
	VIII. Parentage: and the other Half of that Story	64
	IX. Home	73
	X. Surrounding Affections	78
	XI. Dear Ones defended. Nature subdued .	80
	XII. Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper	83
	XIII. Tool-Tact	87
	XIV. The Getter	90
	XV. Take Care	94
	XVI. Keep Close	98
	XVII. I Myself	104
	XVIII. A sort of Self-Regulator	108
	XIX. The Dictator of Duty	111
	XX. The Pillar of Strength	120
	XXI. The Individualizer	126
	XXII. A File of fine Fellows	129
	XXIII. Order, there, Order!	135
	XXIV. The Accountant	142

Letter	Page
XXV. The Register of Deeds	145
XXVI. Whither and Where	151
XXVII. The Timepiece	155
XXVIII. Musical	159
XXIX. The Master of Sports	161
XXX. A Bird's-Eye View	164
XXXI. A Sharp One	173
XXXII. Whence and Why	178
XXXIII. The Greatest of the Graces	188
XXXIV. Respect, Veneration, Worship	197
XXXV. One like Another	201
XXXVI. Belief.—Faith	205
XXXVII. A Cheerer	216
XXXVIII. Nothing but Words	219
XXXIX. Onward, still onward, evermore	225
XL. Reasons why Phrenology is likely to be true	242
XLI. Size of the Head.—Our great Men	251
XLII. Fat, Blood, Fibre, Nerve	258
XLIII. Something New	268
XLIV. Advantages of Phrenology.—Conclusion	289

LETTER I.

SALUTATORY AND INTRODUCTORY.

City of Washington, Jan. 1st, 1842.

DEAR FRIENDS,

You know Uncle Sam—at least you know about him. His name is often on the lip, and sometimes in print. Well, he now introduces himself in the literary and epistolary way. He salutes you with the compliments of the season. A happy Newyear to you all. Yea, this over and over again, and happier and happier to you and your posterity, as long as the continent shall keep above the seas, and out of the fire, and fit to live upon. A long and a strong wish this, so that it may be sound and suitable, however late in the year it may reach you. It will do, indeed, to be painted under the spread and speeding wing of Time, fresh and fit for all the eyes he shall fly over in this quarter of his course.

But, good friends, this Newyear's greeting is not merely complimentary and formal. Uncle Sam's heart—his whole soul, in fact—is in it, as he will now prove, as fast as thought and feeling can fall into shape upon paper. In truth, this letter is the first of a series, whose special object is to effect somewhat towards bringing to pass that happier and happier which he would invoke as your lot. Wishers, hoppers, and prayer-makers in behalf of others must be workers for them in a world where benevolence should be something more than breath from between the lips. Business as well as bosom characters are wanted.

To business, then, at once, as considerable is to be done to get fairly under way in this happifying enterprise. Important explanations are to be made, and outworks to be adjusted, together with the settling of some tittles and iotas about the plan.

The first preliminary is this: the mode of expression by which Uncle Sam proposes to get out of himself and into the presence of his readers. He has thus far spoken in

the third person. This is not a natural and easy method of communication, as must be perceived. But he does not like to be represented by that pronominal word of one straight and stiff capital—I. It seems solitary and cold to be pinched up and perpendicularized in this way, although it is but in idea. The first person plural is therefore preferred. This has more body to it, and indeed heart, for there is an air of fellowship, and of the free and easy about the term, more comfortable to him speaking, and probably to them spoken to. He will therefore venture formally to announce himself as—we.

But this epistle is already long enough for a salutatory and introductory, so we close it, assuring you, dear friends, that with all our nominal and pronominal multiplicity, we are, as affectionately as possible, the one

UNCLE SAM.

LETTER II.

WAY AND MANNER.

WE like not useless formalities ; therefore, as our letters are all to be printed and go in a bunch, we now omit place, date, and address at the top, and also signature at bottom. We think of convenience, however, so we number each, and put down a word or two signifying its particular topic, as is customary with epistolary communications done up in this way.

As this is our first attempt at what is called literature, it may be well to premise a few words about our peculiar way and manner of manufacture. Be it known, then, that the penmanship is not performed by us at all. We employ a private secretary, not for the sake of conforming to the usage of high national functionaries, but from absolute necessity. It is inconsistent with, and, indeed, adverse to, our whole nature, to ma-

nipulate our mind upon paper. To have no concealments, if we must mysteries, we have discovered a new and most curious method of communicating our ideas to our secretary's reception for record. You have heard of animal magnetism: well, we do not make use of this, but something very much like it, viz., *ideal magnetism*. We have attained to a perfection of power in this art, that the cunning Yankees this side of the world, and all France and Germany the other side, never dreamed of coming up to. We are not obliged to put our penman to sleep, but, on the contrary, into that surpassingly marvellous condition, which may be denominated, for the lack of a better term, *magnetic wakingness*. Then, body and limb, muscle and nerve, are completely at our disposal; he cannot say that even his soul is his own. And, strange though it may seem, although we are not tangibly and visibly near him, we have only to will, and he seizes his pen in the dotting of an i, and he puts down our identical ideas in our identical language, just as if he had never a

thought, or feeling, or word but from us since he was a quill-driver.

The next consideration is our style. This is our own, and nobody's else, as we think will plainly appear, and not much to our advantage in the eyes of some. We shall will our thoughts through our secretary, and off at his pen's point, in such shape and with such accompaniments as our taste and fancy shall suggest. Our style will resemble that of spontaneous conversation, changeable as the spirit, and not to be calculated on. Sometimes, very likely most often, our mirthful disposition will predominate, and we shall be as playful, even on a great topic, as a kitten on a new carpet. Then we may be more grave, as gravity shall be absolutely needed, or it shall suit our frame of mind, needed or not.

Now and then it is possible that we shall be quite rhetorical, mounting up, and curling this way and that, like fog in the morning. We cannot promise auroral tinges on our vapour. Then, again, we shall become as flat and as tame as sand at the river side.

We shall venture now and then to roll into a sentence a strangely compounded and monstrous large word, which would make one, or, at least, now does make one, think of a block of pudding-stone cumbering the ground. Then, right along after, we may have three or four little loose words, all out of proportion, that will be like sharp-cornered gravel-stones to tender foot of thin-slippered critic. We may be thought by some nice people to sink occasionally as low as mud, by what they would call an expression of vulgar mould. But in defence, if such be needed, we would suggest, that popular phraseologies have an easiness of in-fit, and an adhesiveness for staying fit and fast to the common reader's capacity, which may, perhaps, be compared in some sort to mud. Or, rather, peculiar expressions, caught from the living and every-day tongue, are like good strong cement, by which the literary fabric is solidly compacted, and built into the understanding and memory with such seamless density, that neither critic's crowbar nor Time's rushing wings can fling it

down or jar a crack in it. But then it takes a master-workman for masonry like this. We are new at the business, and make no pretensions to it. Finally, as we find our own materials, we must be permitted to manage them in our own way. As we can be nobody else, we shall have to be ourself.

LETTER III.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF OUR WRITING.

THE title-page goes like a superscribed wrapper on our epistles, directed to you, and indicating what is underneath. You perceive, thereby, our object is to recommend a new science to your attention. We propose in this letter to detail the particular circumstances which prompted to the undertaking. We would, if possible, inspire the reader with feelings similar to our own in respect to existing evils, and then he will be more likely to enter with interest into our peculiar mode of removing them. We hope so to excite his benevolence and patriotism that he will be glad to go along with us, and see whether there be any truth in Phrenology, and any good can come from it.

Please now to go back with us in idea to the Fourth of July last, which came on the fifth, as brother Erin would say. The one

vast sentiment was, "Glorious day, and Independence forever!" Gun, drum, trumpet, toast, and hurrah, sent forth the annual boast of the nation, that it was the most free, enlightened, virtuous, and happy on earth. Our bosom, too, filled up with the same swell of glory as the powder-thunder cracked the day open. We felt as mighty as the wind shaking ten thousand banners, and as magnificent as morning admiring its own image in all the waters. But, alas! our swell went sadly down, our mightiness felt small, and our magnificence grew quite dim before night. Oh, what sights did we behold on that anniversary! This was the cause of our dejection. Similar spectacles we had beheld on other days, and innumerable times before, but they never affected us so deeply as now. It might have been because the new moral impulses of the age had quickened our conscience.

Our nature is peculiar, *sui generis*, as you are aware, and so, of course, are our optics. They exercise that sort of eyesight termed the ideal. By this, though our central spot

and grand observatory are at the capital, we can look the land through as easily as Science can see through its telescope.

We will now put down some single cases, the like of which we observed by the thousand ; also some local and individual spectacles, together with general conditions of things through the country.

On the aforesaid anniversary, we were first pained by a glimpse of a certain husband and wife. We could not help hearing, likewise, unless we had stopped our sense on purpose. They were scolding and snapping at each other like he and she demons. It seemed as if wedlock was a purgatory of punishment for the folly of not knowing each other better before they married.

Then we observed a family of children, the oldest more than half grown up, who could not read the word rags which was the name of their dress, nor even A B C. The father was somewhat similarly clad, and fully as illiterate. He was swearing like a fiend at his second son because he had been gone so long to get "that jug" filled. He had

been waiting ten minutes for his first morning dram. The wife looked as if her ear was so accustomed to swearing, that she thought no more of it than of the old floor's creaking under the swearer's tread.

We next noticed a schoolroom: this was empty, however, as it was a holyday; but it set us to contemplating the imperfect condition of education the country through. We saw a million of the young, boxed up six hours in a day, in bad air, too, perhaps, to learn not much more than words, and a large portion of them words conveying no more sense to the learner than this morning's cannon-sounds conveyed sense to their echoes. Here is the great schoolhouse of nature, full of things, things, things, with life and without it, and all arranged in an order that spelling-books and dictionaries are a chaos to; yet they are mostly as unstudied as if there were no fingers to touch or eyes to see with. Then, again, morals, in their true import and due extent, are almost entirely neglected in most of these seminaries, just as if scholars should hear about them on the Sabbath,

with their clean shirts on, and not put them in practice with each other on the rough-and-tumble weekday.

We even ventured our scrutiny upon the lofty College and loftier University. And what there? A chasm as deep and as dark as antiquity between official dignity and its subjects. On one side of this profundity, in a particular spot, at a particular hour, was a certain machine called a professor, or one a very little smaller, called a tutor, placed beside another machine called a timepiece; while this ticked a determinate number of minutes, the other uttered a few formal words from a sort of mouth and tongue it had, and heard, in return, what are termed recitations—or, rather, it appeared to hear, as it had something like a pair of ears. One would almost think it to be a real man in some respects, were it not so unlike a man in others. But when the automaton stopped, those reciters on the other side of the gulf, how they capered away into natural and genial life again, caring no more for that recitation-machine over across there than they would

for a piece of old iron. But we confess that we had some gleams of pleasure as now and then appeared an absolutely live and whole man in the teacher's place. Then the chasm seemed bridged over or not minded, and understanding, and heart, and look, and tone responded from side to side, as if wisdom were giving her children a holyday, and were mingling in their pastime. But we sighed to perceive how seldom it was so.

We then had forced upon our sight the house of a man whose God was money, and who, heathen-like, made that God unto himself; and oh, how, with all his might, day after day, did he worship. His partner—of the firm matrimonial—had a familiar spirit, which she consulted more times a day than the clock could count except by ticking. This spirit's name was Vanity. Their children were like so many butterflies, whose colours were so gaudy, and wings so broad in proportion to body, and so continually fluttering, that their brain, if they had any, was not evident to the beholder; and, indeed, it seemed no more thought of by the

parents than if their progeny were born and living without it. Sometimes the little gauds were marvellously like wasps, and that maternal example very much like the stinging mother of the same sort of creatures. A certain schoolmaster once came near perishing from her attack; but he fled for his life, glad withal that the little wasps were no longer to trouble his school. As we observed the mansion, we could not prevent these unhappy characteristics coming grievously to recollection.

By-and-by an officer of justice strode along with a petty thief in his gripe. A miserable loafer had stolen but a trifle, to honour Independence Day, and so he was about to have his ideas of liberty deliciously enhanced by the contrast of a prison. But behold, just behind that officer and his victim, a personage apparently of a very different character. He was dressed in the genteel style of the day, and careering on one of the most elegant horses to be found. Horse and man, taken together, were a show for one to stop and gaze at. Who

does not like, once in a while, to see elegance and grace on the gallop? And who, think ye, was this glorying rider? It was one who had been a public defaulter to the tune of many, many thousands. He had lived to eat, drink, and display, and at length peculated to get the means. But in time he was found out. But what of that? He had stolen, to be sure, as everybody knew; but then it was done on so grand a scale, and in such fine style, that it seemed to many a matter of admiration rather than blame. The very guardians of justice were dazzled, and did nothing but let him go. So here he was, Independencing it like a champion, while that poor wretched trifle-taker just before him was going neck and heels to jail. Well, why shouldn't the pilferer go there? he might have dressed up and stolen like a gentleman. Away with your vulgar thieves behind granite curtains.

What next? Two middle-aged men in fierce altercation. Each had his own party newspaper in one hand, while the other was swung swiftly in the air, and now and then,

in fist-shape, quite dangerously near the opponent's nose. It was a political dispute, carried on in that peculiarly convincing mode of argument, denunciation. Each knew his own side to be right from the perusal of his newspaper, and he knew his neighbour's side to be wrong by the same means, assisted by *intuition*. His own party print did not clearly and justly present the statements and reasonings of the opposite, and he did not read or touch *that* paper. Being a lover of truth and freedom, and having some common sense, he would naturally get at these statements and reasonings somehow or other, and of course it must have been by *intuition*, as there was no other way left.

On turning from these two freemen we took a land-wide observation. We saw the two great parties of the country each getting clearly at the other's views by *intuition*. The opposing publications were not read, yet both parties pretended to freedom, justice, and common sense; of course, these qualities, seeking an important and safe under-

standing of great political questions, could find what they sought by no other means than *intuition*. As we gazed and marvelled we had the strangest vision. Perhaps it was a sort of waking dream, suggested by these two newspapered combatants. But it was wonderful. We seemed to see two monstrous, monstrous forms, each standing on a great separate platform of his own. This platform's foundation was a thin layer of sizable and substantial books, but for superstructure it had an enormous mass of pamphlets, as loosely compacted as unbundled straw. On top, and around the toes and heels of the occupants, were numberless old newspapers, in such order as might craze confusion itself. But far above towered the two opponents. Each was arrayed in the most singular garments shape ever wore. They were made up altogether of newspapers—of party homogeneousness—nothing but newspapers. These were continually being shifted for others fresh made, the cast-offs dropping down on the stand, adding to chaos more confusedness still. Each of these

enormous figures had a name: it seemed to be notorious through the land. Each had a copy of the national Constitution crumpled up and soiled in one hand, while the other was swung abroad in the air, and ever and anon brought very close to the opposite speaker's eyes, as if to assist his sight. They appeared to be in grand, patriotic, political conflict, with destinies incalculable hanging on the issue. Aristotle and all antiquity would have stood aghast at the cunningness of their logic—at such linkings of argument: it was the chain-lightning of denunciation. It seemed as if they would annihilate each other into the truth. The vision subsided; but it seemed, like some of old, to shadow forth abomination.

Now before our view was a young man of twenty-one years or thereabout, standing in a grog-shop door, and hurrahing "Independence forever!" in all the sublime gloriousness of Fourth-of-July punch. Again we could not help our land-wide gaze, and we saw the same kind of ardent patriotism thrilling along the nerves, and twirling the

tongues, and twitching the hands of many, many thousands through the nation. Their bodies fired with this, what clear, beaming light must stream up into their minds, from the combustibles and combustion below.

Next our eye fell down on the national capital, and we hit upon an ignorant and stupid member of Congress. He was, as it were, a mere log of wood, to be scored and hewn into just such shape as crafty and dexterous partisans might like for the occasion. Nobody knew how *he* came to be *fetched* to this market, unless it might be that he was a pretty easy log to roll and lift; so his party at home all took hold together, and rolled and lifted him into the representative vehicle, wherein he was transported to the Capitol. Close beside this piece of timber, with his mind's foot upon it, as it were, was a talented Congressman, but as heartless and conscienceless as he was talented. His deceived constituents sent him hither for their particular service, but he lived, thought, felt, and acted only for himself. He cared no more for them really

than a boy's kite does for the wind that bears it up over head.

Immediately we found ourself, by retrospective vision, a spectator in the hall of the nation's representatives in time of session. Good men and true were there, and on the whole, and at last, considerable business was done; but yet, at times and often, what scenes! what scenes! Our faculty of comparison is provokingly unmanageable; we cannot help its playing pranks even upon dignitaries, so called. You know that Æolus is the classic god of the winds. Well, our wild figure-maker likened this magnificent hall to the cave of a political Æolus. The god here keeps his storm-forces pent up in some hundreds of man-shaped wind-bags, or, rather, wind-jars. To look down on them from a safe place up high, one side, what a conglomeration of black-topped portents they seem. Here the elemental monarch opens them one by one, to see them let fly. But sometimes they pour out in such quick succession, that one would think that half of them were belching

at once. What gushing, and rushing, and roaring, whirring, whizzing, and whistling round the great cave, the very jars themselves near cracking piecemeal and flying through each other in flitters. Another thing is very curious. These tempest-streams never get back into their vessels again. Nevertheless, they are all, sooner or later, laid—laid, all snug and silent—within the folds of the newspaper, and sent thereby far and wide: windy seeds of a thousand-fold harvest of winds, whirlwinds, and tornadoes, through the great open political hemisphere. The Æolus of old was a puny puff-blower to that legislative wind-god in his capitolian cave. A certain philosopher, Gall by name, is the *Espy* who first discovered how the people may manage weathers of that sort.

● Lastly, we again had a vision, which with sad solemnity we describe. It consisted of numerous human apparitions, differing in dimensions—a few gigantic. Their attire particularly struck our notice. The costumes of several bore a general resem-

blance, yet somewhat differed. They seemed ancient, as if inherited from venerated ancestry. Others were partly apparelled in newer fabric and of quite modern fashion. One or two were clad in the plainest dress, and much too thin, hardly keeping warm, as the more thickly costumed must have imagined. This spectral company, as presented at the moment, exhibited faces frightful to behold : flushed cheeks, knitted brows, fiery eyeballs. They were mostly in action, moreover, some with excessive vehemence. They menacingly gesticulated towards one or more of the rest, as if just ready to lay on violent hands. At the same time, we seemed to hear each loudly vociferating, "*I am Religion, not you! I am Religion!*" One or two, however, were of milder aspect, and extremely quiet, just whispering their declaration ; an imperturbable self-confidence was enough for them. But, although they so differed and contended, we perceived that they all belonged to the same species of creature whose common appellation was *sect*. Each, however, had

his own proper name, which need not now be specified. We were shocked at the unhallowed spectacle. And it was rendered more painful to our remembrance by another vision arising as that disappeared. This seemed given to increase our horror of the other, by power of contrast. It was a human appearance. Whether she were clad in any characteristic attire, we know not; in truth, we entirely forgot to observe, so attracted were we by her countenance of surpassing loveliness—the loveliness of expression. A changeful scene was now presented. We were impressed with the idea that some one had defrauded and then defamed her. She now appeared sad, but not severe. With one hand on an ancient Book, she poured a most earnest supplication to Heaven that she might forgive, as she would be forgiven; that she might love God with her whole heart, and her neighbour as herself. Arising, all brightened, from her prayer, she learned that her truthless enemy, by some one, had himself been injuriously misrepresented. Immediately, all

unknown to him, she hastened to correct the error, and thus stopped a growing calumny. She then with quiet diligence betook herself to her affairs. A sweet cheerfulness seemed to radiate from her presence to all around. She was a living luminary, sunlike, shining upon both the evil and the good. *She was Religion—her name, Christianity!*

Here we close our Independence descriptions. The evils thus distinctly presented to our view, or symbolically shadowed forth, must also be sufficiently evident to our readers. The swelling glory with which we began the day might well go down. This nation might, indeed, be the most free, enlightened, virtuous, and happy on earth, and therefore it should be deeply grateful to Heaven. But ought it to be lifted in pride and puffed up with vanity, while the country was so spotted with stains, some of them nauseous as filth and destructive as poison? It should rather, with humility and without delay, put on the work-dress of reform. O that the people, one and all,

would commence improvement on some systematic, practical, and grandly-comprehensive plan. We felt that the first step of such plan should be the establishment of the true philosophy of human nature in the popular mind.

This we believed to be the new science of Phrenology. Our observations and reasonings had impressed us with the profoundest conviction of its truth. Mankind conforming to its principles, marriage, education, legislation, judicature, private and public morals, would present an aspect how blessedly different from the present. The general entrances of evil to the soul would be clearly perceived, and guard set thereon, and all the avenues of good would be also known and kept open wide. The spirit of regeneration would more readily enter into its work, and the kingdom of God take possession with an absoluteness unexampled since the time of its miraculous coming of old. Would that the nations could understand this creation-deep and fundamental science! The first discoverers and other

competent writers had already presented Phrenology to the public, but their works had been read by comparatively but a few, and their doctrine received by still fewer of those millions of the country who needed. How long, long might it not be before its principles would generally be deemed worthy of regard. How present evils in the mean time would continue, and what other evils might not arise. O that we ourself had power to communicate our convictions, and set forth the truth to a people dear as life to our spirit! We had scarcely entertained the yearning desire when a novel conception darted into our mind; it seemed a very illumination special to the case. It was this: that Ideal influence might be so concentrated on the brain and nerves of some individual man as to put him at the perfect command of our will. We seemed to be advertised, also, that our province was peculiar, viz., just to attract attention to Phrenology by the association of our widely-known name, and briefly to initiate into its principles. We were to shape the subject

into a body of such smallness and levity, and with such gossamery wings, that it could fly above the usual obstacles, and more widely abroad. It would thus carry such pleasing recommendation, that its whole philosophy and thousand gathered facts in more substantial works, would sooner secure interest. Our heart, and conscience, and all within us said, Go on; delay not; it is duty. We set immediately about the work. But knowledge must be added to knowledge, selection made therefrom, and plan matured. Thus time elapsed. The commencement of a new year is a memorable era, sacred to good wishes and bright hopes. We felt it to be auspicious then to enter on communication, as you have seen.

We have thus given at length the inducements to our new undertaking. We wished to be well understood. We have closed this letter with deep seriousness, for we feel it. Indeed, however airy may be the pinions with which our harbinger goes forth, the sender sits with the solid thoughtfulness

of an earnest spirit in his mystic home. The subject is as deep as all the past, as wide as the world, and as lofty as the incalculable future. Patriotism and Philanthropy will find it sublimely momentous with the unborn destinies of the Republic.

What now come directly to our subject. We must first tell how Philosophy came into existence, and what it is. A very singular fact once lived and went to school in one of the villages of Germany. His name was Frank Joseph Gell. For you would like to know when he was born, too. It was in the year 1758, about the same time that many of our good old men came into the world. He was nineteen, we said, for he began to be a great philosopher when he was but a little boy. He had a curious habit of looking sharp at his brethren and sisters and schoolmates, and seeing what differences there was between them. One was more amiable, another not easily provoked. One was openhearted, another yielding in disposition. Then there

LETTER IV.

THE WHENCE AND WHAT OF PHRENOLOGY.

WE now come directly to our subject. We must first tell how Phrenology came into existence, and what it is.

A very singular lad once lived and went to school in one of the villages of Germany. His name was Francis Joseph Gall. Perhaps you would like to know when he was born, too. It was in the year 1758, about the same time that many of our good old men came into the world. He was singular, we said, for he began to be a great philosopher when he was but a little boy. He had a curious habit of looking sharp at his brothers, and sisters, and schoolmates, and seeing what a difference there was between them. One was more amiable, another got easily provoked. One was obstinate, another yielding in disposition. Then there

were certain particular studies and pursuits that were more agreeable to each. Charles liked arithmetic; William was good at the writing-book; while Peter didn't take to either, but was off to the woods after birds'-nests when he could.

This boy Frank found himself much inferior to others in one respect: he could not recite a lesson at all well from memory, while some of his mates would let the words fly as easily as they could wag a jaw, and as quick as the quivering of a lip. On going to other schools he found the same difference of character. But he was most struck with those who could beat him at recitation. How glib were they at words! although he thought that he sometimes really knew much more about the lesson than they. He felt this difference at his heart, so he probably thought more of it. He set himself to thinking how it could be. He happened to observe that those boys and girls who could get words into their brain and out again so easily, had very full eyes, looking almost as if the little balls of sight were tied upon the

outside of the head rather than fastened into it, as was more generally the case. He now recollected that the word-wielders at his first school had the same outstanding eye. When he went to the University he noticed the same difference in character, and more especially the same peculiarity about the eyes of fluent reciters. "Well," says he to himself, at length, "I rather think I have found out a kink about the mind, or rather the brain, which has not been thought of before. It seems to me there must be a little piece of brain in back there, whose business it is to help us to get words and speak them out again. And the reason why some are so much more fluent than others is, that this piece of brain is uncommonly large in their heads, just as he who has the biggest arm can lift the heaviest weight. If this should turn out to be the fact, what a discovery have I made! And is it not likely that there are many separate portions of brain that do different things, just as this attends to language? I will look more sharply than ever at every head I meet, and

if I see anything unusual, I will just beg leave to lay hands on it." With these reflections and resolutions he went to examining people in earnest, and with unexpected success, too. He found generally that those who resembled each other in any striking trait of character resembled each other also in the shape of the head. Thus he went on, from boyhood to youth, and youth to manhood, making observations. He at length completely satisfied himself that every distinct faculty of the mind is exercised through a distinct portion of the brain, and in a manner which shall be described to you hereafter.

Gall having studied medicine, settled as a physician in Vienna. Here he made many discoveries, and began to give lectures on his new notions. This was about the year 1796. Four years after this a young man by the name of Spurzheim became a hearer and pupil of Dr. Gall, and was as zealous in the new science as his master. In 1804 these two students of the brain and the mind associated themselves to-

gether as inquirers and teachers on these interesting subjects. They travelled into several European countries, and stopped in their principal cities, making farther discoveries and giving lectures. Some believed and honoured them; others laughed at them. But they said, "Laugh on; we can learn just as well if you do laugh, and we are glad to see you good-natured about it." Thus they persevered, through good report and evil report, continually finding new proofs that they were right, and making new converts to their doctrines. This new science after a while received the name of Phrenology, given to it by Spurzheim. This word means "discourse about the mind." But we wish to be a little more particular. The term, as used by them, and as it is generally understood, means a talk or a writing about the mind, under the supposition that one faculty is connected with one part of the brain, and another faculty with another part.

In 1832 Spurzheim came to this country, and gave lectures and made converts in

Boston. There after a few months he died, to the great disappointment and regret of many, who wished to hear one who, next to Gall, was the most distinguished discoverer and teacher in this new science of human nature. He was buried at Mount Auburn. Should you ever seek the place where lie his remains, you will find a beautiful marble monument, with nothing inscribed but a single word—"SPURZHEIM." This is enough; for his works, his virtues, and his greatness need not there be recorded. They will be known all over the world as fast as Phrenology goes to proclaim them.

LETTER V.

HOW PHRENOLOGY GETS ALONG HERE.

SPURZHEIM did not visit this country without effect. He gave a powerful influence to inquiry, which will not cease, we trust, till the millions of the nation become phrenologized, not only in doctrine, but in education and practice. We will now mention another European visiter, although Americans had laboured long and well before he appeared. We will give them due credit by-and-by.

You have heard of George Combe. If not, it is time you had, and read him too. He is one of the most distinguished living phrenologists and philosophers of Europe. His work on the Constitution of Man and his System of Phrenology are worth a thousand libraries of some of the old metaphysics, unless you are suffering for wrapping-paper or kindling-stuff. Combe visited this

country two or three years ago, and he who did not hear him lecture was a loser. To see the man was to stamp memory with a portrait worth having as an emblem of philosophy. His tall, stooping form, gray hair, great head, and honest Scotch face, were a personage for reverence to bow before without danger of shame. What a noble set of faculties did Phrenology choose for her march, as in triumphal cars, through the American cities!

We now come to our own countrymen. A few have considerably distinguished themselves as practical phrenologists, that is, as examiners of heads, or manipulators, as they are sometimes called. Some half dozen have acquired celebrity as lecturers and writers. Silas Jones has published an interesting little volume. Amos Dean has written a treatise, physiological and phrenological, entitled the Philosophy of Human Life. He is eloquently earnest. His discourse gushes forth as from the full sparkling springs of that healthy life to which he would bring back his erring kind. J.

Stanley Grimes is quite an original thinker, and has presented a treatise in some respects of much philosophical worth. Some may deem him too speculative. But speculation will at length be corrected of error; and it had better run too wild than that truth should be unfound, which it often lights upon in its winged range. Our recommendations of the science will be the richer for his suggestions. Dr. Caldwell, of Kentucky, we believe to be the earliest distinguished receiver and champion of Gall's philosophy in this country. The gates of prejudiced ignorance tremble when he is thundering at them, and wo be to the obstinacy and craft that keeps them, at the approach of his sharp and shattering battle-axe.

But there are two brothers—Fowler by name—who, besides good sound philosophy, go before most others in practical skill. We do not say—they will not say themselves—that they never make mistakes; but we do aver that their long and various experience enables them to prove the truth of Phrenology beyond all gainsay to the ma-

majority who put their heads under their hands. It is astonishing how they will walk right into a man, though you blind them as dark as sleep. If you do not believe it, just take a seat beneath their fingers at their offices in New-York or Philadelphia; or, if they happen near you on a lecturing and manipulating excursion, for the love of truth and a knowledge of yourself, do for once try their tongues and their touch. At any rate, read their books, all full of philosophy and fact. It will inform you more about the combination and co-operation of faculties, their jumping together and their jumping apart, than any other book we happen to know of. Besides, they have published facts about some of our great men which all the nation cannot deny, at least till they put their millions of thumbs and fingers where the twenty feelers of these two wizards of manipulation have been. We have a pleasing anecdote to put in here for a spicy variety. One of the above-named Fowlers visited a certain famous city. He publicly lectured and examined heads, and it was truly

astonishing how he would take a man's character right out from his keeping, and hold it up before the face and eyes of a whole meeting-house full of folks. There were present some most inveterate enemies of the science. They thought to break the very scull-bone of Phrenology at two blows, and then show its whole brain to be nothing but marrow, with but one thought in it at a time. But, presto! that cunning manipulator, with his eyes shut, put their heads into three dozen pieces at a nip. Some of the fragments were of so curious a nature that the spectators of the scene shouted aloud with surprise. It was thought hardly possible for the great discomfited to gather their heads into one again for the warfare; yet they did, or at least pretended to. And it must be confessed, if published accounts may be relied on, they mended themselves up with a skill, and pricked and cut away again, with an alertness and hardihood worthy of a better cause. It makes us think of a story, so we'll tell it. A certain giant in battle had his head cut off at a single slit of

a cimeter. It rolled down hill to a considerable distance from the now prostrated body. But, lo! when the victor had hastily pushed on, and before he had scarcely got out of sight, the giant body leaped upon its legs again, and ran after the still rolling head, and caught it up and clapped it tight on his shoulders, and banged away as if nothing of the kind had happened. It is thought that the head of Opposition will some time be cut off, and roll so far away that its owner will have to run down hill as far as Chinese stagnation or savage sottishness before he shall get up with it again.

As we are a recommender, we must make mention of Fowler's Phrenological Journal. The patrons of periodicals and the seekers of truth will find this, together with the casts of many singular and celebrated individuals, at 135 Nassau-street, New-York. There are Van Buren, Harrison, Webster, Clay, Benton, and Bryant, as well as many others. And you may find your own character there if you will but ask for it. There is another work which we are happy to advertise:

Warne's "Phrenology in the Family." It is particularly addressed to you, mothers. Read it, and put it in successful practice, and you will make a little paradise of dear home. Is it thus happy now? If not, pray receive this messenger from our science, and it will tell you what to do with the stunted plants, and the thorns and thistles too.

With the labours of these active phrenologists, and some others' less conspicuous, scattered over the country, how stands our philosophy now? Many of the most observing and reflecting have become intelligent and steadfast disciples. Thousands think that it is *kind of* true, and still thousands more *kind of* think that it is kind of true. But what are all these quite and almost believers, and all these rather-guess and possibly-be people, to the fifteen millions of a whole nation? Mountains of prejudice are to be levelled before the truth can get into the great bottom valley of ignorance in which the majority abide. Fortunate, indeed, if our light-winged herald shall fly over the dark, rough heights, and be permitted to alight in the living midst.

LETTER VI.

BEGINNING TO BEGIN.

WE have already briefly intimated our plan, but we wish to be a little more particular about it. Ours is simply an effort to introduce other writers to favourable regard. We shall therefore altogether omit many things on which they necessarily treat. We shall say nothing scientifically about the skull, as others have. It is too hard a subject for us to handle, and is, we fancy, quite too dry a bone for beginners to pick. Mellow matter at first, in any new study, is found to be a good rule. We shall, moreover, use as few technical terms as possible: to babes in whatever science, these are as uncomfortable and uninviting as burred chestnuts are to tender-fingered infancy. We would present the clear meat of our nut, together with some little sweetening,

for fear that it shall otherwise seem unripe, and taste too raw.

Again, we shall make no formal and precise divisions in respect to the separate classes of faculties, to the degree observed by other writers. If this be a failing, we trust it will be excused in letters that are to run right along after each other, and with all the freedom of chit-chat. Such deep breaks are uninviting to many readers, especially those who are in a hurry. They are like ditches crossing a path, which provokingly check the speed, obliging one to stop and look across before leaping. We would have the way as unbroken and easy as possible.

We must now present two or three more considerations, quite uninteresting at this stage, probably, but they will be found useful by-and-by. When we shall hereafter talk of an organ of the brain, let it be understood that it is always double. When it is on the middle line of the head, the two parts join upon each other, as do the two nostrils of the nose. When it is on one side,

its corresponding portion is in a corresponding place on the opposite side, with other organs between. This is a wise provision of Nature, as with the eyes, so that if one be injured, its fellow may remain sound, to exercise the needed function. Again, although we refer to the organs as if they were only at the outside of the brain, yet they mostly commence at its centre and bottom, and run thence, enlarging, to the surface.

Farthermore, although we speak of material organs, it must always be understood that there are spiritual faculties connected with them and exercised through them, these appertaining to that immortal nature which leaves the brain at death. It may be convenient occasionally to use simply the word organ, as if itself alone performed the mental functions; but in such cases the distinct spiritual power is always understood.

Lastly, there is one circumstance on which we shall be very particular. This is the arrangement of the organs in the brain. In speaking of this arrangement we shall

refer to the outside of the head, or, rather, to the extremities of the organs just beneath ; but the same, doubtless, prevails through the brain down to their root.

A few words more on this subject. In all the works of Nature there is a certain order—a perfection of arrangement. Part answers to part. Things similar are put together, or in opposite corresponding positions. Greater and more important things are placed centrally, and the adjuncts in subordinate stations at the side. This may be observed in the plants, trees, and the animal frame. The same is very strikingly true in Phrenology. Related organs will be found near each other, and the most important central. The nobler organs, moreover, front and crown the head, while those of grosser, of brute-like functions, are back, or low down at the side. There is no back-side-before and down-side-up business in Phrenology. Now please to consider that Gall and Spurzheim discovered the organs promiscuously : now one in front, then one away off opposite, then another at the top ;

here, there, and anywhere on the skull, just as individuals with singular prominences, or bumps as they were called, happened to present themselves. Gall's published works bear irresistible testimony of this fact. But after the discovery, lo! it was perceived how perfect the arrangement. We can now go regularly and systematically over the same field of observation, and, if endued with common candour, be convinced, past doubt, that mortal man did not invent such absolute order, so heaven-like a perfection, any more than Copernicus or Newton invented the sun and his planets. But we shall refer to this subject in detail as we go along. We wish here to prepare the reader to pause and reflect upon each instance as it shall arise, as it is greatly important that this remarkable arrangement should be clearly apprehended, and estimated at its proper worth as an argument for the truth. Our preliminaries are ended. Are you now ready, dear readers, to begin our brain-tour?

LETTER VII.

PAIRING : AND THE HALF OF A STORY.

LET us now begin at the very beginning of human things—at the commencement of life. The Bible teaches that God made the first man and woman from the dust of the ground, and also that, through them, mankind were to be multiplied, to replenish or fill the earth. We know that from these first parents millions after millions have descended, and spread all over the world. See, now, how skilfully the wise and good Creator has contrived that this peopling of the earth should proceed from the original and solitary two. It was provided that male and female should come together, to be the father and mother of new generations. But if there were nothing in particular to attract them to each other, this office of becoming parents would not be ; or if it could, they

would not so certainly live together, to help each other take care of their infant offspring. So there was given to each sex the propensity of love towards the other sex ; that strong, delightful feeling, by which they are drawn together and kept in pairs, and unspeakably blessed in each other's society. This affection is often laughed about, and those possessed by it are generally the subjects of jocularities, and sometimes ridicule. But this ought not to be ; for the propensity was implanted by God, and for an all-important purpose, as we have seen ; and, where there is perfect propriety, it is sinless in his sight, and receives his holy blessing. O, it is one of the most beautiful spectacles in the world to see two young beings who have loved, and who still do love father and mother, nevertheless leaving them according to the Divine command, and cleaving to each other with this different and far-deeper love. They become husband and wife ; then they live on and on together. Poverty, sickness, and mutual imperfections part them not. What God himself hath

joined, he will not separate, and he also forbids man to put asunder. From this sacred origin new life comes: families are reared, society is established, and great nations arise, as we shall hereafter more particularly observe.

You see that we have treated this matter in a graver style than ordinary, and it is because we feel grave about it, however giddy mortals may regard the subject with a smile. Single and solitary though we are in our peculiar nature, yet we have a profound veneration for those primal loves which were Eden's deepest bliss, and for those similar loves in others whereby the great plan of existence is made to proceed. Where there is that perfect fitness of the mutual character by which heart grows into heart, and very being blends with very being, how charming, how pure the spectacle! Unseen and immortal spirits might well hover around such a union, and catch to themselves a new blessedness therefrom. Admired and revered, then, be love; hallowed be wedlock!

We will now go along about our philosophy.

Phrenologists call the principle in view Amativeness. Now just see where that portion of the brain with which it is connected is placed. It is at the back and very bottom of the head, close down on the neck, and nearer to the body than any other organ. The appropriateness of the situation must be very striking to those who understand the nature of the human frame, and exercise a little reflection. They will see that *here* should be the foundation of that grand pile of organs which rises in regular and perfect order in the head above.

We will close this letter by an illustration, which may possibly instruct as well as amuse :

A certain representative brought his daughter to spend the short session of Congress at the capital. No matter what year—and as for names, we will here use fancy ones. Grace Goodway was as beautiful as a blossom, and as sprightly as a humming-bird. She seemed to live in mirthfulness,

motion, and music. How she would trip and whirl it in the dance! She fluttered, as it were, on the tuneful vibrations of the air, rather than touched substantial floor as others did. She was sought after by the young bachelors, sighed after by the old, and gazed at, as a picture, by the happily married.

At last she was sought not in vain. A noble young fellow, clerk in one of the departments, wooed and won her for his own. The fashionable world wondered at her choice; for several honourables, and among them a very senator, had courted her favour. How *could* she descend to a clerk, and take a name and a station hidden from all the world! *She*, the daughter of *such* a man, and almost died for, too, by *such* men! But our humming-bird had her own instinct about flowers, and she gave herself up to it, although it carried her into a nook where pride and vanity might not care to go. The fact was, that George Fairworth's lodgings were under the same roof with those of Grace and her father. There were, there-

fore, opportunities of acquaintance and mutual interest which otherwise could not have been. But, even with such ample opportunities, no one of inferior head and heart could hardly have gained her affections. Grace had had a most substantial education, at a seminary where things were studied as well as words; where the moral nature, also, was attended to as well as the intellectual. Her education was not one of mere smatterings, or of accomplishments, as they are called—gilding and hum. She had read, moreover, history and the philosophies with her talented father. It was his delight, also, to communicate to her a great deal about the present politics of the country, in which, as a public man, he was deeply interested. This daughter was the dear, delightful, and delighted recipient of the father's soul, and an excellent great soul it was. A mother with strong common sense, and an adept in all appertaining to household affairs, if not in fashionable literature, was the happy coadjutor in domestic discipline. Grace was therefore well prepared

to see, hear, understand, and be instructed by the new scenes of the capital. The gayety and show interested her as novelties, and she enjoyed them as for a brief season, but they really came not near her inner heart. She was, indeed, lively and mirthful, and seemed to forget everything but the passing scene; but this was owing to a very active temperament, and to the fact that she had been trained to keep her perceptive open, and wholly to enjoy, as far as innocent, what was present rather than but half, and very faintly enjoy what was absent and did not appertain to the occasion.

George Fairworth was well educated also, but self-educated mostly; and he still employed most of his leisure hours in developing his fine powers, and storing a retentive memory with knowledge. He seldom went to places of amusement; for, having been in the city several years, he had seen enough of them. He had higher aims. It was with a mutual profit and pleasure that he and Mr. Goodway, that winter, spent hour after hour conversing on that infinite

variety of topics which richly-stored minds can fling out between them. Fairworth was exceedingly well versed in the details of politics, especially those of his own department, and communicated much information to his old friend.

Grace spent many happy hours in listening to their instructive conversation. She also made her useful queries, and contributed modestly to the entertainment by occasional remark. At other times George and Grace were alone in each other's company, piercing the depths of philosophy, or ranging the fields of literature. There was one sweet amusement, moreover, in which they could participate with mutual delight—we mean music. But the best music was in their souls, and they soon discovered the perfect unison. Is it a wonder, ye who are skilled in the harp of thousand strings?

The father, who rose from humble life, and had strong common sense, consented to his daughter's choice; and her mother, who married him out of pure love, also wrote consent from distant home. Thus

the couple were engaged, in spite of the great, loud, and general say. The honourables by her unhonoured, and other beaux bewitched and bewildered, fluttered in her train no more. Her flight was now beyond their reach. But March came, and Congress adjourned, and confusion went away. Grace also went home with her father. But the very next May wrought her bridal wreath, and she came back to Washington the wife of Mr. Fairworth, the worthy but humble clerk. The being, the breath, and the balm of this breeze of a woman now belonged entirely to him. What a fresh and fragrant paradise was his home, we shall see.

— As of the least importance, let us first describe their abode. They took respectable board (not in the most expensive class of houses, however), in conformity with a limited salary, and a judicious father's advice. They had a little, a very little parlour to themselves, but it was as neat and as tasteful as the cup of a flower. There was a row of plants on a painted stand at the window. On one side stood a rather small-

sized organ. On another side were about forty neatly-bound books in as neat a case. Over the mantelpiece hung the well-known picture of General Washington and his family. We present them as they were found by a friend on a December evening, near the commencement of the annual Congress. The visiter alluded to was General H., then senator, a most intimate friend of Mr. Goodway. There sat the wedded pair, as near to each other as a little centre-table, with two lamps on it between them, would let them be. As the servant opened the door, and before they scarcely perceived who the visiter might be, he observed Mr. Fairworth with a book in his hand. As he laid this on the little table, and his wife put down her sewing as preparing to rise, he discovered a tearfulness in the eyes of both; but the smiling softness of features beneath indicated that it could not be the tearfulness of grief. "Oh, General H.," exclaimed they together, coming impulsively forward, and each seizing a hand, "how glad we are to see you." "Nobody could come more

welcomely upon us at this moment," continued Grace, "than yourself. More than any of my friends, you encouraged my predilection for George. Indeed, the rest did not encourage it at all, my father excepted." "And you," said her husband, "was the only one who whispered in my ear to hope and persevere; and nobody can better sympathize with the happiness you foresaw than yourself." "It was but a moment before you entered," continued Grace, "that George had finished reading to me 'The Wife,' in Irving's Sketch Book. Oh, what a charming, charming story! We realize it all, indeed we do, general; I had as lief tell you as not. Don't you see that, like Leslie and his Mary, we too are 'so snug!'"

They then spent the evening in reminiscences of the past, and with hopeful glances at the future. Just before leave-taking, Fairworth, with his deep, mellow bass, accompanied his wife's sweet voice and the organ in singing "Home, sweet Home!" At the close of the song, the visiter observed the same tearfulness in their eyes and smiling softness of features beneath, as when

he entered. "Do come and see us very often through the winter, General H.," cried they both, as he motioned towards the door. "Father is out of Congress, you know," said Grace, "and will not be here, so you shall be as a father to us. So come often, and come any time." "That I shall," was his reply; "that I shall," was his thought on leaving the door; "for if there is now on earth anything like Paradise before the fall, it is there." He did visit that sweet, sweet home, and enjoy a similar domestic scene very often for months afterward. It was not "Love in a Cottage," as romance has it, but it was love in a little room, amid a dashing, dissipated city. It stood on the very brink of these wild rapids of life, and the inmates scarcely looked out on the foam. The uproar was unheeded as they responded to each other the mutual melodies of their hearts. Would that many who keep great houses unneeded, and use grand furniture unpaid for, would stoop, before they fall, and then cannot stoop, to copy this example! So thought that good old friend, and so think we!

LETTER VIII.

PARENTAGE : AND THE OTHER HALF OF THAT
STORY.

WE have seen how the world alive begins to go—let us now see how it is kept going. What an interesting spectacle, that of a mother bending over the infant Providence has placed upon her lap. How she watches over it, yearns towards it, and is wasted away for it. She is impelled by an instinct she cannot help, for the great Parent of all has put it deep into her soul. Fathers have it too, though generally with inferior intensity; for, were the principle as powerful with them as it is on the maternal side, they could not so contentedly leave their little ones, to toil at a distance for the support of home. It is easy to understand why the love of offspring is a distinct feeling, and strong in both parents, yet still stronger in

one than the other. Human beings come into the world in the utmost weakness of body and mind. Were it not for parental care they must suffer and perish, and thus the process of life, society, and happiness must stop. That propensity, therefore, is made all-powerful which prompts to this care: it is called Philoprogenitiveness. Consider that it is the feeling which is first and most necessary after giving birth to offspring. Now, where is the organ in the brain? It is just above and nearest to that propensity which makes this second one necessary. But it is more centrally situated, so as to make room for other feelings that grow out of and are associated with this. How it bunches out in some heads! In females, the protuberance is generally much the most perceptible, their heads being longer through from the forehead backward than those of the other sex. The propensity induces tenderness towards children in general as well as to one's own. What say ye, anxious parents: would it not be well to see whether Phrenology be really true, so that, if it be

so, you may learn where this organ is, and what its size, against the time you may want a servant to tend on, or a teacher to instruct your children?

We will now piece out our letter with a piece of a story:

The month of May came again. The land was all gorgeous with flowers, and gallery and street were still all gorgeous with belles and gracious with beaux. But there was one, of whom spring, and blossom, and bird had been the truest emblems, who did not appear. The venerable old senator had not seen her for a few weeks, although he had frequently inquired after her welfare. "Well," thought he, one bright, delicious morning, "I will call on Mrs. Fairworth. She will present herself to me as she would to her father." So he sent up his name, and was quickly invited in. On entering the little parlour, his eye first caught the figure of a neat, middle-aged woman passing into the contiguous bedroom, the door of which she shut after her. Then turning round the opening door

towards the windows, what a new spectacle met his eyes! How changeful is life, yet how goodly through all its heaven-appointed changes! There sat Grace, the mother of an infant that lay upon her lap. Her cheek had sunken from its roundness, and would have been very pale and seemed sickly, were it not for a slight crimson and a bright smile that stole over it like morning upon snow. Her hair, that had once flitted in tasteful ringlets above a rosy complexion, now lay in close, still folds under a plain, neat cap. Her eye was as bright as ever, but with a more dewy radiance. "Oh, General H., I am truly glad to see you," exclaimed she, as she motioned to rise, but withheld herself, glancing at her lap; and her outstretched hand awaited that of her friend. She met him with tones not so loud and ringing, and a grasp not so energetic as formerly, but oh, how cordial! "What a treasure is the friendship of a pure-hearted woman!" thought, or rather felt, the veteran. "I wanted to see you—as father and mother cannot be here, I want-

ed to see you, to tell you how happy, how much happier we are!" was her next expression. Taking a seat near her side, the visiter's eyes followed hers towards the helpless being in her lap. He began to converse about her new relation and the innocence of infancy; for what topic is so delightful and engrossing to most mothers as their children? He could not speak of the babe's beauty, for he had none, as yet, in his scarcely-defined features, hardly resembling at all either of his handsome parents. She seemed aware of the fact, and of his perception of it too, and said, "I know he is not beautiful, and looks like neither of us, and nobody else; but I don't care; he is mine, and I *feel* that he is lovely, if I don't see him to be so." Then she touched his forehead with the gentlest kiss, and drew back, and held her head a little one side, and her features seemed to distil into the tenderest gaze. Then raising him a little, she again kissed his tiny lips, and sinking him back, she prattled to him just as if he understood every word, and nobody

else was in the room. Then she patted his cheek with the tip of her forefinger, and smiled on and chirruped to him; then bent down and kissed him again. On raising her head, it crossed her mind that company was there, and she looked towards him, and then down again, as if not knowing what to say. He resumed the conversation by asking whether she was not impatient to get abroad again, and breathe the spring air, and see how fashions flourished, and enjoy the grand eloquence and stirring times at the Capitol. "Oh," replied she, "I don't care about things at the Capitol, or anywhere abroad now; I am perfectly contented, and, indeed, altogether happy here. I want to do nothing but tend, and lose myself with this dear babe." Then she smiled, and patted, and kissed again. "Can it be," thought the general, as she bent over the infant, "that this is the Grace Goodway of winter before last?" Had he known anything about Phrenology, the wonder would not have been. He would have discovered that the young mother's head was more

than usually philoprogenitive. Indeed, the protuberance would be painful to a phrenologist's eye, were it not for the fine balance of organs up, over, and opposite. Grace is now the judicious parent and educator of several children. And many a one, with a naturally much feebler maternal principle, might take lessons of her in firmness and reflection, counteracting its excess. But we have not done with the scene of that morning call. Unexpectedly to the friend, though not to Grace, as appeared, her husband entered. She raised her head from the infant, and her glance at him expressed that there was one besides her babe absolutely necessary to her happiness. He greeted the general with his usual cordial energy, and sat down beside these dearest objects of his heart. "I now run home from the department a few minutes every forenoon to see how they are," said he. But with delicate endearments to the most beloved, he so joined kind attentions to his friend, that he could not but feel, more than ever before, how large a good man's heart

may be ; how it can hold all its friendships closely in, while its loves fill up the centre, and are more deeply down. As the general turned from taking leave, his eye caught the afore-mentioned picture over the mantel-piece, and he reflected how appropriate an emblem they had chosen as an ornament to their humble but happy home. The same picture adorns many other homes ; but the bliss represented thereby is rendered too indistinct by the grandeur of office on which it stands, the glory of character by which it is surrounded. But if there were a representation of the bliss experienced in the abode just described, there would be no height of station to awe, or light of fame to dazzle the beholder from contemplating home, sweet home, and nothing else.

As no artist has pencilled this little parlour, its few appurtenances, and its happy inmates, we have thus made a word-painting of them, with our poor, inadequate skill. If there shall be any who find our description out of place, or too long, it will not be those husbands and wives who make well-

matched love, small means, and economy go together, or those fathers and mothers whose heads are shaped much like George and Grace Fairworth's.

P.S.—Mr. Fairworth now holds a place much above his first humble station. We will venture a prediction about him; it is this: that when long, thorough, and safe experience shall be considered of more importance than mere party prominence, he will be made the honoured head of the department in which he has been so excellent a subordinate.

LETTER IX.

HOME.

WHAT is next wanting after parental tenderness and care? It is a spot where the mother can sit down and make her nursing lap, and then a safe bed for her infant's sleep; a spot, too, where she can provide food, and comforts, and many agreeables for her husband on his return from toiling at a distance for wife and children's support. This spot is home. It should not often be changed, as any one can perceive, without our helping them. So there is implanted in man an instinctive attachment to the place of abode. There is a tie fastened here which only lengthens when he goes away, and which pulls and pulls upon him till it brings him back to the rivet again. Some are bound by a cord so hard and stiff that it will not stretch at all, so that they

are contented enough without stepping a mile into the broad and novel world. A phrenological traveller in the Old Colony in Massachusetts once found a most extraordinary instance of this attachment to home. In a certain tame town there was a young man, as bright and intelligent as you would see in a thousand. He had read books, seen cultivated society, and taught school; but during his whole life he had scarcely been out of his native neighbourhood. He had grown up to almost manhood before he had been even a few miles to old Plymouth, where is the famous Landing Rock, and the ground sacred to the memory of the Forefathers. Webster had thundered there with his grandest eloquence, and Everett had there poured forth his silveriest melodies on Pilgrim Day; and beauty had come all the way from Boston, and the whole country round, to hear, and dance, and dazzle, and, it may be, carry captive hearts away with them; but our fine fellow had no moving desire to go near all this. Boston, Liberty's cradling-place and the emporium of learn-

ing, was not more than thirty miles off, yet he knew it only by hearsay. Judging from his conversation, he was hardly likely to go there in his lifetime, unless sent head first by ballot-box impulse to legislate for his townsmen. Who else of his age in the whole country had not been to Plymouth? Who had not seen the city of notions—at least, who did not wish for such visit? But he did not; if so, it was but faintly. Now this youth had a bump on the back of his scull as big as a turnip. This was the organ of Inhabitiveness, as this attachment to abode is called. Now observe where it is: just above Philoprogenitiveness, and touching upon it. It is this last-named propensity that makes the other more particularly necessary. The one has only to touch this next neighbour, and hint, “Please to provide a comfortable place for my children,” and straightway it is done.

But this feeling operates beyond the threshold where children tottle out and in. It makes one attached to his own town, and even his own side of it. Somewhere along

the seashore between Eastport and New-Orleans is a town peculiarly beautiful of aspect on one side. There are water and cliff, woodland and field, in the most romantic variety. But away off back stretches a wide, sandy plain, as dry and tame as an unplanned board. Somewhere amid the waste is a house tenanted by the fattest content. One day a visiter was standing in the yard, in company with the mistress of the domicil, when she exclaimed, "Isn't this a pleasant place to live in, Mr. Waterland? I like it better than any other part of the town." "It may be pleasant to you, ma'am," was the reply, as a gust of wind whisked a parcel of the delightful sand into the speaker's face. He could not flatter her with anything more positive, and she really looked painfully disappointed. The incident was as trivial as an atom of dust, and as dry, it may be, to the reader; yet it was big and rich with instruction to that visiter. It led him admiringly and gratefully to reflect on the Creator's skill in adapting human nature to its situation, and to his plan of widely

peopling the world. Were it not for this blind attachment to abode, population would all crowd to one quarter of a town, or betake themselves somewhere away, especially in a country broad enough for any one to choose a pleasant habitation. Thus the less inviting places would remain long, long unoccupied, or, at least, be ever changing their inhabitants, if chance should ever bring them any.

This propensity, moreover, operates still farther abroad. It feels native land to be home, in distinction from the great common world. It attaches nations to an appropriate portion of the earth. Were it not for this, they would be huddling together, jostling, slashing, and knocking down—a curse upon each other's lives. As it is now, the very northernmost tribes cling to their barren climes, with no sun to warm and light them for half a year at a time. How Inhabitiveness will make a bosom among the very ices for the great heart of patriotism to grow in and keep warm!

LETTER X.

SURROUNDING AFFECTIONS.

IF parents love children, these also, in turn, love parents, and pay delightfully back their tenderness. How the very babe will twine the arms around the neck, and hug and kiss, as if there were nothing like it for pleasure! Then how brothers and sisters cling to each other, as if strung heart to heart, encircling the central, parental twain. Beyond relationship, there is the attachment of friend to friend. Still farther, there are bonds of feeling which hold mankind together in general society. If people do not exactly like one another, they like to live together, notwithstanding. This principle of union is not that of sex, or parentage, or Inhabitiveness, but something quite distinct, as any one may perceive by thinking a little. It is called, in Phrenology, Adhesiveness. Now where should its organ be? Off the other side of the head? Certainly not, you at once reply. Well, as you know where

its neighbourhood is, we will tell you, as nearly as possible, where its very position may be found. Adhesiveness is on each side, joining Philoprogenitiveness, but running up a little higher, and touching also on each side of Inhabitiveness. The home organ seems to be a sort of pillar, to which both the others are fastened. And in the very nature of things, this should be the central hold. Husband and wife, parents and children, friends, and acquaintances, and countrymen, must have a spot on which they may stand to help each other, and interchange their hearts. Here, then, are the organs of all these relations in life, just below and around that which finds a place for their exercise and enjoyment. Is there anything in all art or nature more skilfully contrived, and wisely arranged and put together, than this little cluster of organs ?

It is through these few propensities already described that society is established, the first important circumstance towards peopling and improving the world. Some phrenologists denominate them the "*Establishing Group.*"

LETTER XI.

DEAR ONES DEFENDED. NATURE SUBDUED.

BUT society, when once established, must be safe from danger that it may continue to exist. In all new countries ravenous wild beasts must be kept away ; human enemies, too, must be repelled. There is a principle in man which prompts him to use force when assailed—to combat danger. The organ of it—Combativeness, as it is called—is situated on each side of Philoprogenitiveness and Adhesiveness, and joining on both, and these prompting that to an energetic defence against oppression. But in this combat for safety it may sometimes be necessary to destroy the assailant's life. As brutes and men are constituted, life must be sacrificed on one side or the other. Hence the use of the propensity of Destructiveness. Its organ is placed in front of Combativeness, just above each ear. This organ is the most unpopular of all. Can it be, say

some, that the Creator would implant a principle whose function is to destroy? We ask these doubters just to look at the world as it is, and not as they fancy it ought to be made. It is a fact that mankind do take the lives of beasts and of each other. There must be a cause for this act somewhere; why is it not in a distinct and separate propensity? Phrenologists have discovered, and all may likewise discover by looking, that those who are particularly fierce and destructive in disposition are peculiarly prominent just above the ear. But we will appeal to your own consciousness, ye objectors. Did you never get provoked? Have you never felt resentment start suddenly up, and perhaps sometimes continue in irritable activity? Well, this principle cannot possibly spring from the organs which have been mentioned, or from others that are to be noticed, yet you must allow that it exists. And you cannot find a more appropriate nook for the fierce little creature to burrow in, than the low place in the head before mentioned, and beneath the

noble company of principles that tower over it to keep it in order, as we shall see.

The two propensities last mentioned have been of essential service in aiding patriotism to defend dear native land. Washington himself had them full, though in fine subjection to his nobler nature. They are necessary, also, in combating and removing obstacles in the first settling of a country, and, indeed, in the various affairs of life where inanimate matter is to be contended with. Just see what a difference there is between the rocks, sands, woods, and savageness of this continent, as found by our ancestors, and the teeming-rich aspect it now presents. It would take this whole nation a thousand years to count all the blows which have been given, and all the things broken to pieces to produce the glorious change.

The time may come, and, indeed, may be now, when these propensities should be withholden from the destruction of human life. Still they will exist, to give energy to the other powers, that they may continue to subdue the earth according to the Divine command.

LETTER XII.

BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND SUPPER.

BUT one might as well die by the teeth of a brute or the sword of an enemy, as perish for the lack of necessary sustenance. So, nearly on a line with these two champions of defence, and just in front of the ear, is placed that forager for the body, Alimentiveness. This propensity gives the feeling of hunger and the liking to eat. Only see how conveniently it is stationed, close by the hinge of the jaws, as if to make them work and grind its provender. It is as near to the teeth, and the tongue, and the palate as it could well be got, without intruding upon the more respectable company of less sensual organs.

But just go back a little, and see how it makes use of its two warlike neighbours that stand in single file behind it. It is a good thing to keep warriors from being

idle in time of peace ; so Alimentiveness gives them plenty of work to do. It says to Destructiveness, "Smash those vegetables ; grind that grain ; kill and cut up that animal for my dinner." But these things, inanimate as well as animate, may require some hard knocks to make them yield ; so this purveyor-general looks over behind the ear, and wakes up Combative-ness, saying, "Back up and push on this fellow, Destructiveness, here. Between you both, just lay the obstinate creatures low, cut them into convenient pieces, and I will take care of them." The work is straight-way done, and Alimentiveness feeds, perhaps feasts, and then takes its nap.

This propensity, when awake and in active enjoyment, is of a remarkably social character. It seems to like company of its own rank and vocation. It does not prefer to take its portion in solitude. It may not be the truth, but it will do no harm to fancy, that this sociability may arise from the position of the organ. Here it is, at the side of the head, as near to the same organ in

another head as it can well be got. There may be a sort of animal magnetism darting from one to the other to bring them together, so that people like to sit closely, side by side, at the trencher. Mankind, thus brought often into near companionship, have a capital chance to let the higher faculties of each one get acquainted with the higher of another. Verily, how curious are the bonds and the impulses of society!

But of how little use is the social spirit of this feeding faculty, in a country where another propensity is so active and grasping! Just look at some of our tables, especially those at mercantile boarding-houses and hotels. Alimentiveness has only time to wield knife and fork, wag the jaws, and gulp down for ten or fifteen minutes, without leaning over to another in a sympathetic or convivial way. Beef, potatoes, and pudding are the game, and it must stretch after them, or be a loser. What is conversation cared for there, unless a bargain may be saved out of it? We will show you, by-and-by, where this whip-lash and goad-hold-

er to Alimentiveness is. Were he a little farther off, his hurrying drive might not be quite so efficient. But no matter. Driving fast is a blessing to our stomach-tender, compared with another sort of *fast* which that old feudal queen, Want, imposes on myriads in the old Eastern World.

LETTER XIII.

TOOL-TACT.

BUT the eater wants a table to place his platter on, and a shelter, moreover, to keep the rain from putting out his cooking-fire. He wants raiment, too; and, indeed, a thousand things one after another, as his knowledge grows and his means increase. But, in order to have them, he must go to work and make them. But how shall he do this, unless he have some taste towards, and tact about it? So he has the propensity of Constructiveness. If it be not so, how is it that people so differ in a liking for tools and a skill to use them? How things will shiver to pieces, and smooth off, and hop into place beneath the touch of some, while others manage as if their fingers were all thumbs, and their hands as stiff as paddles! There are the great inventors, too—Fulton

of the steamboat, and Whitney of the cotton-gin, and a thousand others, who have sent arts and civilization ahead. Had they no gifts but a lucky idea, that might have popped into almost any other head as well as theirs?

But let us show the organ's place. It is just above and a little forward of Alimentiveness. It is just where it should be in relation to the other faculties, as will appear as we go along. Now keep an observing eye out on great mechanics, artists, and inventors, and satisfy yourselves. Just one bright example, and we go to the next neighbour.

One day, a few years ago, we noticed a fine-looking, Yankee-like fellow at a certain room in the Capitol. He was showing some by-standers a rifle of peculiar construction. He had an enormous bilge on the part of his head just described. And who think it was? Cochran, the inventor of a rifle that would let off bullets almost as fast as a clock would tick. He went to Turkey, and made all Constantinople stare. The sultan hired this New-Hampshire boy to fix a set of

guns for him that would keep his old enemy of Russia back among his bears. His Constructiveness came home with a fortune in pocket beneath; and there he was, waiting to trade with our government for a hundred thousand dollars more, as balance in pocket the other side.

If you wish for farther examples, just come to the capital, and stand in the path to the Patent Office, and they will cross by you almost every day. But just go in there yourself, and see how Constructiveness has constructed ten thousand things Tubal-Cain and all antiquity never dreamed of; in short, almost everything but its own fortune.

H 2

LETTER XIV.

THE GETTER.

THAT impatient driver of poor Alimentiveness, who was hinted at letter before last; that thorn in his side, which pricks him to swallow his meal unchewed, and shut up, and lie down, is Acquisitiveness. He is the most Yankee of all the propensities. But he is an all-useful creature. What would Alimentiveness do without him? He it is that in summer lays up food for the winter in all abundance and variety. He provides house, furniture, raiment, and a thousand things, and, besides all this, often lays up a little of the needful for a long time to come. What would any of the other faculties do without this getter and saver-general of the whole establishment within the bony castle?

But let us be a little more philosophical. Here is the earth and all thereon given for

man's use. But, to be used, it must be portioned out to each individual. And who shall portion it out but the individual himself? If he does not, others will hardly do it for him. The earth is large and full of things, and there seems to be no end to its capacity to yield to those who seek. Hence there is a propensity to seek and to keep seeking, and to take all that is presented. Thus the earth is more energetically subdued, according to the Divine command. Countless new things are made and secured to particular ownership, and mankind are more and more comfortable in body and enjoying in spirit.

This getting and keeping disposition begins to show itself very early in life. The child delights to call his playthings "*mine.*" And who has not seen a lad counting his coppers with a most gloating pleasure? But take care of such an urchin, or his copper-counting will be a miserly business by-and-by.

Sometimes this propensity is monstrous, and sets its possessor mad. Dr. Woodward

will show you a poor fellow at the Worcester Hospital who has the organ as big as a fist. He fancies that the United States owe him some fifty millions, and threatens to take the law if government does not down with all this cloud of dust at his feet.

But no matter ; the feeling exists, and the organ must be, and can be found. We'll tell you where: it is back of, and a little above Constructiveness, and joining upon it just at the most convenient spot. Constructiveness wants to use it to get materials to work with. Acquisitiveness takes and hoards the productions of this Jack at all trades, and keeps the nimble little creature from the misery of having nothing to do.

In closing, we beg leave to speak an admonitory word to parents. Our little work was undertaken with more particular reference to education than any other great interest. Indeed, education is at the foundation of all interests. We love the young; our spirit hovers over, and yearns towards them with guardian anxiety. We would say, therefore, to their nearest, dearest rel-

atives, examine for yourselves, or ask the practical phrenologist in respect to the strength of their *getting* propensity. If large, it must be taken care of, and that early. If Benevolence, and especially Conscientiousness, be not strong in proportion, they will be in danger of tarnishing your name with meanness, perhaps blasting it by crime. There is such a thing as trying to gain the world to the losing of the soul. Again we urge, go to the phrenologist, and learn the relative strength of a principle, which, unmanaged, might push your children into an abyss at which you would shudder with horror, could you behold it with prophetic eye. O, your children, your children!

LETTER XV.

TAKE CARE.

IN defending family and home, Combativeness and Destructiveness might push a man upon his enemy's weapons, or fling him under his feet; or he might stay on his premises till the assailant should come and hurl his deadly missiles in at his very windows. But, to guard against such thoughtlessness, another principle is implanted in man, called by the phrenologists Cautiousness; a vigilant sentinel, that gives timely warning of danger. Just see where the sentry-box is built: it is contiguous to the fortress of the fisticuffer, and not far from that of the blood-letter, and above them both, high up against the bony top of the rampart of the brain.

See how it juts over, giving fine command of the field of danger. From this

lofty position, the propensity within looks out for the rash fellows below, and cries out, "Take care there, take care." So the entrances of home are barricaded, or the foe is sought for at a distance, and care is taken against his stab and his clutches.

To speak now without a figure, you know that children, in their ignorance, are liable to run into danger, and in their weakness, might not run fast enough out of it; so the feeling of fear is given them, to keep them at a distance from anything that looks hurtful. Should harm actually come near them, it makes them scream in terror, to attract aid to their helplessness. Fear is but the intense action of Cautiousness. The young would suffer and perish beyond calculation were it not for its activity. You may observe that this organ is much larger proportionally in children than it is in the mature, because it is so much more needed.

But in the various forthgoings of business or pleasure, all need the watching of Cautiousness. We are everywhere surrounded by the forces of changeful, active nature,

that might wound or destroy. Wind, water, and fire would otherwise often get the mastery. We witnessed the activity and use of the principle but an hour ago upon Pennsylvania Avenue. A puffy piece of old indolence was taking an after-dinner stroll this fine afternoon, lagging along with his eyes buried in the fat of his cheeks. He was just crossing the extremity of one of the transverse streets, when a stage-and-four, right from under the crack of the whip, almost touched his ankles. Terrors! how that whip-crack put life into him! how his ponderousness started! His logs of legs and billets of feet really hopped; they did, in fact, run. Had not fear taken sudden care of him, that whip-snapper on the stage-box would hardly have done it.

Now just look up there again, and admire the position in which our sentry is perched. Above and commanding the ear, how he bends over or turns it backward to catch the sound of approaching peril! Then, there being one on each side of the head, they have those front windows, the eyes,

and all the other faculties that look through them, at their service and bidding. If people cannot keep out of common harm's way, it must be because these heralds of alarm are miserable dwarfs, and have not strength enough to give a twitch or a push towards safety.

I

LETTER XVI.

KEEP CLOSE.

IN making and in acquiring the various goods of life, and in pursuing any other purpose, who tells all the thoughts and feelings that come into his mind? Nobody but the absolute dunce. The very child will communicate some things, and hold in others as close as the blood under the skin. What a universal Babel the world would be, did its inhabitants clack and clatter out all that happens into the head!

There is a concealing propensity that tends the door of utterance, and keeps the latch down, as it were. Its name is Secretiveness. This hides a plan till it is matured, so that others, seeing half only, cannot laugh at it or put it down. Business could hardly go on without it. See how conveniently it is placed, just back of Con-

structiveness, and back of and a little below Acquisitiveness, and joining on both, ever ready to help their prudence. But this propensity has a larger piece of brain at its command, so as to have care of a couple of violent fellows, that would upset the best-laid plans in their hotness and haste. See, it runs all along back, pressing upon Destructiveness, and pushing against that fist-lifter, Combativeness, managing them both like a master. What a scene of blows and blood every village would be without this wise counsel-giver and guardian of the peace! Now, if some word or deed provokes, the resentment may be kept from bursting out at the door, if it cannot be held from peeping through the keyhole. But, setting aside positive irritations, how many disagreeable thoughts and feelings we cannot but have about our imperfect fellow-creatures, which must not be made known! Did not this propensity suppress them, how miserable would be intercourse! Adhesiveness, over back there, would hardly hold society together, assisted even by its

love-making neighbours, with all their close-twining ties. **G. B. GATES.**

It is worthy of notice, moreover, that Secretiveness joins close upon Cautiousness, from which it occasionally receives especial stimulus. When those two fierce warriors down below are at their dangerous work, Cautiousness prompts Secretiveness to use stratagem, putting others in peril, but keeping out of it themselves. The one also prompts the other in a coward to hide himself out of the way, and keep still when fight comes threatening along.

“Take Care” is also an ever-ready coadjutor with “Keep Close” in the quiet concerns of business, as may be easily perceived by a little reflection. What convenient proximity between the fellows! These two neighbours, again, are sometimes remarkable co-operators in the wordy wars and the complicated tactics of politics. When they are both vigorous, and Conscience, withal, is weak or seared over by the hot irons of party, then the politician can act the demagogue with a perfection

almost unearthly—we do not mean heavenly, however. He will keep back just such particular facts, and put forward just such other particular ones as will exactly answer his purpose ; and if half the truth will not suit his turn, he has the ability and disposition to invent the very kind and very number of fictions that will supply the deficiency. He gets such complete possession of his partisans' confidence, that he will almost put black in the place of white, and make them believe it reflects all the pure and shining rays of truth. If at any time he cannot quite do this, he can exhibit a very passable gray. There is a creature which steals windingly along the ground to his aim. People shun him as if he was a bad spirit incarnate : but he is sometimes dazzlingly beautiful ; and he is said actually to fascinate and fasten within his reach, and seize to his use certain other poor, witless animals. Well, this creature is the appropriate emblem of this sort of politician. His course is snakily straight onward. The curve line is said to be that of beauty. His

friends seem to apply this philosophy of taste to his progress. The more crooks the better, so admirably graceful they appear in his movements. Then, when he concentrates on them the whole force of his subtle spirit, they are fascinated, spell-bound, and altogether and absolutely his own.

But do not suppose every public man with both Cautiousness and Secretiveness vigorous, to be a truthless demagogue. With intellect strong, and Conscience in equal strength, he will possess that shrewdness and tact—that fortunate wisdom—which is likely to conduct him to eminent success. His opponents will, of course, represent him as truthlessly cunning just because he is prudent, and therefore gets the better. He will take his decided course, and mature his plans, and with an amiable disposition smile in their angry faces. The fit emblem of such a man is the healthy, symmetrical, and beautiful willow. Modest, yet distinguished among the trees, it has been chosen to embellish the courtly grounds where it stands, imbibing the vitalizing air and sunbeams,

and lending its peaceful good. But, should a tempest arise, how gracefully it will bow and sweep round to the assailing winds! The commotion over, the root is found as fast as ever, and not a bough is cracked, branch broken, twig twisted, or the least green leaf carried away.

LETTER XVII.

I MYSELF.

HAVING seen how society is established, defended, fed, clothed, sheltered, and well to live, let us now see how it is governed. A people must be made to move together towards a common enemy or towards a common good. Besides, they must be kept from fighting and filching among themselves as much as possible.

Have you not observed some particular schoolboy always take the lead in common play or less common roguery, fetching the rest after him at the twirl of his finger or the wink of his eye? He has a sort of self-confidence in his abilities that carries him ahead. It is precisely the same self-confidence that first made some particular savage the chief of his tribe. In the hunt or in the war, he seized his club and cried out to his

clan, "This way," and they came; "That way," and they went; "Stop," and they stopped; "Give it to them," and they let fly. In any difficulty between his companions, he said, "I'll have none of that;" and they stood still or slunk away.

This self-election to rulership was absolutely necessary in the earliest times, when men did not know enough to choose rulers themselves, as we do, by ballot; before also respect for birth, together with convenience, established the custom of hereditary authority.

This self-sufficiency is only the excess of a feeling possessed by all. In communities like our own, we now and then find a similar excess. Such men among barbarians, other things being equal, would have made fierce and feathered chiefs: now they are the most loud-talking and positive in company. They would have all the world take wink from and walk after them. These self-mightinesses are remarkable for their power of perpendicularity; indeed, their stoop, if they have any, is towards their heels rather

than towards the bowing and complying side of the body ; they hold their eyes as if they were seeking some rising or risen star rather than their road along the low earth.

Now we'll tell you the reason of this personal upliftedness and uplookingness. The organ in question is just on the crown of the head, about where the hair takes its various direction. The principle sits centrally, like a crowned monarch, high above the organs by which society is established, according to our philosophy. To continue the figure, when this sovereign's throne is large and his crown heavy, they cannot but bend the head back, and bring its front up, and lift the lower face into a sort of royal look. But a stupid royalty it is, unless there be a plenty of brain just above, to put the power and life of thought and good feeling into its pretensions. Such bumpingness high back, and flatness down before, would make, in savage life, a peremptory simpleton of a chief, and in a civilized monarchy, a proud fool of a prince.

Here, in our country, they curse their possessor with a senseless superciliousness, and mark him with a sappy face.

This is termed the organ of Self-Esteem by most phrenologists. In ordinary size and activity, it imparts a due self-respect, and demands consideration from others only as it is deserved. When it is deficient, the face bends over and the look is humble, even beneath the highest forehead. Men of this character need others to help them up and to hold on, or down they go again.

P.S.—The phrenologist Grimes calls the faculty we have had in view Imperativeness, on account of its use in the establishment and maintenance of necessary authority.

LETTER XVIII.

A SORT OF SELF-REGULATOR.

BUT this self-sufficient and governing propensity, previously spoken of, would meet with many a hard rub, and perhaps be quite rubbed out or rooted up, were it not for another principle to modify its movements and make it acceptable to the governed, or to the otherwise ungovernable. This is the Love of Approbation, or regard for the good opinion of fellow-men: Approbateness in Phrenology.

Its organ is situated on each side of Self-Esteem, touching on it, and keeping it from fierce outbreaks. It says, "Softly, there. Although you do tower up so tall, making it hard to get at you, it is best to come down a little, at least in the way of a good-natured bow."

The most absolute monarch must con-

sult public opinion in some degree. In republics, this principle is absolutely indispensable to help an aspirant to gain a standing, or to keep it. The people would soon pull Self-Esteem from its perpendicularity, were it not for the prudent whispers of this gentlemanly neighbour.

Sometimes the useful creature is agitated by the most intense anxiety—what a fever, indeed! Just touch a demagogue's organ about election time, and, burns and blisters! what a little coalpit it seems. When Self-Esteem and Approbativeness are coequal and excessive—O nature, what a hump-bump they make out into the air! Bell-crowned hats are capital conveniences for such characters. Ye liberty-lovers! study Phrenology. But, until you do, take a hint from one who has studied it: Get close behind your candidates while they are shouting freedom from the caucus-stump, and if the back of their heads keeps your zenith out of sight, then you may respond, "Fiddlestick!" for they are merely playing on the popular chords; they don't care a squeak

for anything but their own music and the coppers that may be coming: the people are mere catgut to them.

Approbativeness makes also the boudoir of that dashing imp—Fashion. She *will* have her habitation in every head—almost; and where is the pocket she lets go unpicked? She pops out, and pops over to Acquisitiveness, and whispers, “Shell out there below,” and little Mammon is in a flurry. But the witch up above don’t care. She teases, she pulls, she pinches, and the poor purse-griper is in agony. But no matter; he must hand over, if he dies in doing it.

This feeling, in due proportion to the other faculties, is very desirable. It furnishes very tolerable oil for the social wheels, if no other oil is to be had; and when other oil there is, even a mixture with this does better service. The soundest machinery would grate shockingly without it. Approbativeness makes the world’s face to shine and its gudgeons go. But, vanity of vanities! take care of the bump that is too, *too*, too big.

LETTER XIX.

THE DICTATOR OF DUTY.

WE come to a principle, all-important in the subordination and good order of the society which we have seen established and in action, moved by the several propensities. It is a sentiment which says, "This is due to me, let me have it: that belongs to him, let it alone." This is the feeling of Justice — Conscientiousness otherwise called. Rulers possessing this know that they must not outrage it in others. They must make equitable laws to operate between subject and subject, and they must themselves keep at least in the neighbourhood of right. This is a pure and noble sentiment. It must have justice, for earth and heaven's sake. Now observe its lofty seat, whereupon it exercises its sacred vocation: it is just each side of the topmost head, in front of Approba-

tiveness, and adjoining it, with Cautiousness each side, adjoining likewise. From this commanding position it wields the balance, weighing the deeds of self and of all other men. Approbativeness, just back, is informed of its decisions, and desires to comply for reputation's sake. Cautiousness, on either side, prompts obedience to its behests through fear of punishment.

In republics, where everything depends on the favour of the people, the above-named co-operative principles are very active, and, like a vigilant watchman and a polite minister who serve for pay, greatly aid the sovereign faculty to keep the ambitious and the selfish somewhere near the rightful interests of their country.

But Conscientiousness has to do not only with the relations between government and the governed, but it also enters into the minuter concerns between man and man in private and less observed life. Where there can be any possible discrimination between right and wrong, there is the vocation of Conscience. If, in putting down your lifted

foot, the interest of another may be harmed in the least by the pressure, this faculty, if duly active, says, "Withhold; tread on another spot." Its all-searching law is, "Do as you would be done by."

But such Conscience, or such obedience to Conscience, is not found in all. How much has moral education to do before it shall be seen even in the majority?

We know of a case that will serve for a lesson, so it shall here be recorded.

It took place on one of the loveliest islands belonging to our country's domain. It was June, the balmiest of all the months to the North. The atmosphere, there less disturbed by the comfortless spirit of the north-east, was like air that might once have given health to Eden. It was so exhilarating, that it seemed, as it were, to take weight from the human body, and permit it to glide on with the buoyancy of a bird. But what is Nature, with all her purity and charmingness, to the transcendency of Rectitude in the moral world? At the first and faintest gleam of the dawn, an individual was on his

way to the seaside, there to behold the effect of breaking day. In quickly leaping a wall, he threw down a mere pebble of a stone which lay loosely on its top. The vacancy thus made was altogether unimportant, and would have been noticed only by an eye that had just seen it filled.

He passed rapidly on, but when half across the wide field he halted, and, as if struck with a sudden impulse, exclaimed aloud, "I ought to have put up that stone; I must now go back and do it." He then actually returned, and restored the unmissed and unneeded fragment to its place. "Ay," thought we, for we were an observer, "this man is one of a thousand for keeping the golden rule. Such a man's moral path towards heavenly light shall be as clearly marked, as his footprints in the kindling dews are traceable towards the rising day."

The scene we then beheld is forever associated in memory with the incident just related, and we will venture to describe it, as a sort of setting around the example now committed to the remembrance, and commended to the imitation of others.

The afore-named traveller took a seat upon a cliff, just above an enormous chasm, made apparently by the in-pushing ocean, notching, as it were, the record of its centuries in the solid earth. The quartered moon, now on the rear of the retreating night, was yet quite undimmed. At a little distance, the morning star was beaming down like an eye of heavenly love. Some light, morn-tinged clouds now and then flitted across the luminaries, through which they still tenderly shone as through a transparent veil. But beneath, towards the horizon, what delicate hues, what broadening magnificence, and then what effulgent glories, as the central sun drew near, and at length rounded up into sight! At the same time, all this changefulness of vapour-shapes and of colouring was reflected still more diversely from the billowy mirror of the sea—a sea of glory it was indeed!

At first a few birds scatteringly tuned, as it were, to the grand choir; but, as the scene deepened, the multitude of songsters burst forth in all the many-toned fulness of their

morning orisons, the waves mingling their deep accord as they rolled round the romantic shores. The great heart of Nature seemed in sublimest worship. And was there not sweet melody in the heart of man likewise? Of him, that just one, we can venture a conjecture. He who had so scrupulously performed his duty to his fellow-man, had well prepared for morning sacrifice to his Maker. Beyond all this gloriousness of the visible creation, this man, with piercing faith and worshipping love, must have beheld the Father of Lights.

Dear friends, if this incident of life and scene of nature shall perish from your remembrance, still the duty of justice in the least thing abides forever. Finally, do, *do* remember, that though the imperceptible breach you may make in your neighbour's wall may cause him no harm, yet it may occasion a corresponding breach in the enclosure around *your* moral nature, which may grow deeper and wider, and through it, at length, evil demons may leap, carrying in defilement and desolation.

But Conscientiousness comprehends still more within its office. It takes note of obedience or disobedience to all the known laws of the Creator. It proclaims universal and perfect temperance. Its precept is, "Eat and drink to live, and not live to eat and drink." It commands purity. Beneath the light of Christianity it preaches, "Love God with the whole heart, and the neighbour even as self. Be ye perfect as the Heavenly Father is perfect." Finally, Conscientiousness is the Most High's selectest, even his vicegerent angel in the constitution of man; we have therefore spoken of it with deep seriousness, indeed with reverence, as of something which should inspire awe. We have even ventured a monitory word, hoping that it might happen, like seed upon the wind, into some fruitful soil.

One of the finest heads for the illustration of Conscientiousness is that of John Jay, of distinguished memory in the history of our country. His portrait is frequently to be met with, and ought to be in every home and on every memory as an image of vir-

tuous excellence. Pray seek it, and mark how high the head is above the ear, and then how amply and symmetrically it rounds over, downward from the highest top. This fulness just above Cautiousness is caused by a very large organ of Conscientiousness. We will now quote a few lines from his biography, showing how perfectly the phrenological form corresponds with his recorded character.

“It would be difficult,” says a late writer, “to point out a character in modern times more nearly allied to the Aristides drawn by Plutarch than that of JOHN JAY. Justice, stern and inflexible, holds the first place in his exalted mind. Yet Plutarch admits, ‘that although, in all his own private concerns and in those of his fellow-citizens, Aristides was inflexibly just, in affairs of state he did many things, according to the exigency of the case, to serve his country, which seemed often to have need of the assistance of injustice.’ In this respect the resemblance fails between the ancient and the modern: JOHN JAY never de-

parted from the strictest rule of right ; and the patriot and the Christian may equally point to him with admiration and applause." Well might the greatly-conscientious WASHINGTON appoint JOHN JAY, the JUST, the first CHIEF-JUSTICE of the UNITED STATES !

LETTER XX.

THE PILLAR OF STRENGTH.

WE pass now to a principle on which the sure results of the others considerably depend. The sovereign expresses his will, but with what avail, unless he has resolution to enforce it? Exactly in front of Self-Esteem, or Imperativeness as one calls it, and joining upon it, is the organ of Firmness. But government should be firm only in what is right; therefore, on each side of this is the organ of Justice, as before mentioned. Firmness is as a central pillar, straight downward towards the earth, and straight upward towards heaven, against which the two divisions of Conscientiousness are fastened. Here it clings in its lofty fastness, while it holds out the balance of Justice to the world.

Firmness is all important to a republi-

can statesman. Monarchs and their ministers are sustained by ancient and venerable usage, and by reverence for birth and rank. It is not so here. Amid the changes of opinion and veerings of party, the legislator and magistrate might be pushed from their deliberate convictions and just purposes were it not for their personal and constitutional firmness. When this is feeble, we soon observe vacillation.

We must here introduce an illustration from public life, because it is so remarkable and convincing. We could point you, reader, to a portrait, which no doubt you have looked at a hundred times, and have been fastened by the deep-marked, iron-like countenance. You have said to yourself, perhaps, how perfectly that face expresses the character of the man. You would as soon expect the inexpressive bone to quiver with weakness as the features there represented. But the phrenologist glances above, and marks the "Pillar of Strength" to which this front of steel is joined by the concealed nerves—these like very metal wires. That

height above the ear, how unequalled! it is caused by the organ of Firmness. Whom do we mean, think you? One whom his partial friends call the "Old Roman," and history honours as the Hero of New-Orleans, and the country remembers as President of the United States. The nation knows, and the world has heard, that you might as well move a mountain-top from the granite body in which it is centred, as move that man from his deliberate purpose. All the political storms that rushed against him, or thunders that rolled around, stirred not him. If there was the least tremulous shake amid the encircling commotion, it was from the formidable fires within. To continue the figurative idea, how this man-mount towered up in his official altitude, holding the proximate clouds and catching their contributions, and then pouring down land-long rivers of effect!

Of GENERAL JACKSON'S acts, by which he manifested his extraordinary firmness, there are widely-different opinions. On these we pretend not to decide. We simply present

him as an illustration acknowledged by all to be true.

But our country has been blessed with at least one example, wherein the whole nation and the world will allow that Conscientiousness and Firmness were coequal and mightily strong. This was evident in the organization of his head ; and his known character and his whole life were in perfect conformity. Such was the pre-eminently virtuous and immovable Washington. The outstretched hands of a nation bore him gratefully to a seat of grandeur, compared with which hereditary thrones are but as shining dust beneath a freeman's footsteps. Yet those outstretched millions of hands, with unanimous strength, could not have pushed him from the fastness and sublimity of his justice.

Grimes denominates the last four organs the "Governing group," and, being pleased with the idea, we have ventured to adopt it. You perceive how these follow the establishing group, in regular order upward. They have also beneath them, on each side,

Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Acquisitiveness, which, most of all the propensities, render government necessary.

But we must not overlook the primitive and all-important use of the ruling principles in that more limited sphere of action, family authority. There would be but little subordination in a young household without the activity of these at the head of it. Conscientiousness and Firmness are indispensable to the parent. Alas! how often do we see a deficiency in one or both of these, and what scenes of anarchy do not a few homes present! Among the many mothers, how few are the firm! These few, how to be admired, yea, revered, are they! Such a one is Grace Fairworth. Another we will here briefly notice. She began the moral education of her children by establishing her authority deeply and firmly in the earliest, tenderest heart. Her look was their law; yet, when commanding, it was nothing but the look of commanding love. A gentler woman hardly could be; yet through this unbroken gentleness was her sufficiency

of strength. She might be compared to a breeze, which, however lightly touching, turns not back. Yea, like sweetest perfume in the breeze was the felicity she bore into the bosoms of her household through her soft steadiness of power. Finally, to all parents, mothers especially, do we earnestly commend the study of Phrenology. It will somewhat aid a deficient Firmness to mount up and reach over a little. It will quicken Conscientiousness to keener vigilance in prompting other weak powers to action. It will enable you to concentrate all your higher faculties on the paramount object and duty of life—the education of those whom the supreme Sovereign and Parent has put under your responsible hands and enduring tenderness.

L 2

LETTER XXI.

THE INDIVIDUALIZER.

WE will now walk round to the front-side of the brain-castle, and see how curiously constructed it is there. Your wonder will grow, we think, as you shall contemplate its exquisite and noble architecture in this quarter. But first look in another direction a moment. Cast the eye round the room or out of doors, how many separate and distinct things meet the view! You might count millions of them, had you time. In fact, creation is all divided into portions of matter—individual objects, that have an individual use. When you put out your hand to take hold of anything, it is a particular something, generally having a particular use. Indeed, when you think, it is not ordinarily of all creation, but of some definite part of it. When you notice, or have the thought of what are called qualities, as round, large, heavy, or coloured, it is of

these qualities as belonging to an individual portion of matter or object.

Now please to turn about, and walk up to your looking-glass, and take note of what, to you, is probably a more important object than any of those things you have just been observing—your own self. Now put the tip of your fore finger right above the root of your nose, between the bending ends of the eyebrows. There, exactly under this finger-tip of yours, is the faculty, with its organ, which perceives your image to be something separate from the glass which reflects it—that separates yourself and everything from everything else. This is what phrenologists call Individuality, because it individualizes and separates object from object. Without this, all things material would seem one continuous mass. We should be likely to stand still and do nothing, because we should not distinguish what to lay hold on, unless it were all nature at once. Indeed, we should hardly feel our bodies to be our own: they would be fixtures, seemingly, in the great whole. But here we have a particularizing organ.

It makes people notice this, that, and the other as they go about their business. Those who have it small will enter a room or a town, and leave it without remembering much except that they have been in and come out again. They go along in company with their shadows, and see about as much as these companions, unless some of the other faculties induce them to fasten attention.

This, then, is the first and most important of what are called the Perceptive faculties. It is of primary and central use, therefore the organ is central between the two eyes—the two avenues by which a knowledge of things external comes to the mind by sight. It is exactly between the two hands also, the instruments by which knowledge comes by touch; and, what is more, it is exactly central between the other organs which take note of the qualities of the thing which this has first designated. Where else would you have its position? Could you possibly conceive of a more appropriate one?

LETTER XXII.

A FILE OF FINE FELLOWS.

HAVING an object individualized and distinctly before us, we now perceive that it has certain qualities. What one quality do we discern first, and most continually? You might at first, perhaps, say colour; but just let a thick, cloudy night come, and, besides this, put all firelights out, and where is your colour? But there are still other qualities to be found by your fingers. Which of these is generally the first and most perceptible? Is it not the form of an object? This is the quality first and most continually noticeable. Where, now, is the organ of form? for one there is. It is at the corner of the eye, close in upon the lower part of Individuality, and the very first in the range of the Perceptive organs after the primary and central one.

There is another little circumstance showing the appropriateness of this position. The line which separates one object from another, and renders it distinguishable as an individual, is likewise the line that bounds the form. See, therefore, how the one organ follows the other, conformably to the constitution of things!

We will embrace the other quality-organs in this letter, and take each as it stands. What comes next in natural order, according to our own consciousness? Is it not size of objects and dimensions of space? These we can recognise by the touch in darkness, as well as by the eye in light. We are continually taking some note of the comparative dimensions of things, but not generally with that distinctness and accuracy with which we observe the previous quality. So size comes second; and it is to be remarked, that the line which makes the figure is also the line which bounds the size.

Now see where this organ is. It is in contact with that of form, a little sideways

above it, and also cornering in upon Individuality.

What next? Weight and resistance, the phrenologists say, for they have discovered the organ to be next. And is it not so in the nature of things? We can have the idea of weight by day and by night, but not through two senses, as it is with the other qualities mentioned. It is somehow through the bodily nerves we get at this. Sight has directly nothing to do with it. So it is not so readily apprehensible as the others, and generally requires a more particular effort and application of the appropriate faculty. Of course, you perceive the organ of weight to be the third in order, farther along under the eyebrow. It being next to size, it may be well to remark that there is a sort of relation between the two; for the density of an object being given, the weight has a certain proportion to its size. We judge of the weight of things we are acquainted with by their size. You see, therefore, the relation of one to the other, and how appropriately they conjoin.

Combe and others have considerable nice philosophy about this faculty, and, indeed, all the rest. Pray read these better writers : our business is a more humble one ; that is, just to beckon you on and show the way.

We come now to the next of those absolute qualities of objects to which distinct organs have been discovered and acknowledged by phrenologists generally. This is colour. Who but a blind man can doubt the existence of this ? And who, after going thus far with us, can doubt a distinct faculty to take note of it ? for this is something altogether unlike the other qualities of objects. Indeed, it is not a real quality of them, but of the light that falls on them and is reflected to the eye ; in a thick night, where is it, out of doors, excepting the other side of the globe, and faintly above the clouds. You perceive, therefore, a natural and sufficient reason why this should be the fourth in order. Where, now, is the organ ? Just under the top of the arch of the brow, or, rather, a little the outside of it. It is the most central of all the organs which are

close about the eye, for it more uses the eye, and, indeed, could do nothing without it, as the others can. Its existence cannot be doubted by those who have carefully and candidly observed.

All know that there are some people who are in rapture with the charms of colour. There are others who care not the twinkle of an eye about them. They see in the very rainbow not much, but something, which has a capital bend in it. We have seen those with a slump in this part of the brow deep enough for a fly to buzz in. Come to inquire, they would put one colour for another, or for no colour at all, as we may say, just as if the sun had dashed but half his pencil upon the retina, and then snatched it away again. Poor painters would they have made! Trust not such to pick out tasteful dresses for thee, thou Fashion Imp!

But we have got through with this little company of Perceptives, standing in single file, and marshalled each side of their commander-in-chief in the centre, to whom we first paid our respects. With what curious,

what regular, what perfect discipline they come along, one after another, as their captain in front has to do with them. With this report of their exquisite training, we take our leave.

LETTER XXIII.

ORDER, THERE, ORDER!

WE were obliged to withdraw from Individuality and his noble command sooner than we ought, perhaps, but there was then lack of time. We will now go back and step along his parade again. At the very extremity of these wings is another fine fellow, who may be said to be the orderly-sergeant of the line. At any rate, his name is Order; and if his office is not particularly to look to the arrangement of this field of duty, he sees to the arrangement on all other fields where he happens to go. But we cannot so well perceive his place, action, and usefulness through such a mist of metaphor, so we will get out of it.

We cannot but observe in all the things of nature a certain regular arrangement, a particular order in which they stand still

together, or play upon each other when at work. Notice the plants, the trees, man's frame, the globes of heaven—we cannot go higher, though we can lower and more minutely. It is the same in the things of human construction. Part answers to part in position, or strikes upon another part in action, as in the wheels of a machine. So, also, in regard to buildings, furniture, and utensils, there are appropriate positions. Hence the adage, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." This arrangement is permanently perceptible in nature, and most people are disturbed by any considerable absence of it in art.

Now Order is not the quality of one individual portion of matter, or of a single object, but a relation of one individual to another; the particular situation of an object or a part of an object, in respect to the situation of another object or part. Must there not be, then, a distinct faculty to apprehend this relation? Verily there is; and a phrenologist can as easily put his finger on its organ, as he could on the nose

in its neighbourhood. It is at the end of the line of the quality-organs next to that of Colour, directly above the outside corner of the eye. If you doubt its existence, just examine this spot in the brain of the neatest housewife you know of, and if it is not prominent, she must have some other extraordinary faculties to put so feeble a one as this to its bounden duty. But if you are determined not to believe, young Bachelor, this firmness of determination may possibly get beaten down, not far the other side of Hymen's altar, by an elf-lock, uncleanly-looking demon called Hubbub, which husbands sometimes encounter along the way there.

Better take warning, and have an eye out, and a finger ready, against the time that Fancy and Cupid together might otherwise possibly make a fool of you. Before closing this letter, let a word be offered against an objection often made to Phrenology, in respect to the close-compacted file of organs just described. "Poh!" exclaim some, "there cannot be so many organs packed

and pinched in so pitifully as this." Let the answer to all such objectors be that given by a phrenologist to an astronomical professor.

"Preposterous!" was the utterance of the grandiloquent star-gazer, "preposterous to give credence for a moment to the idea that so numerous a company of organs should hold their position, and perform such important operations, in that little semicircle above the orb of vision. I should as soon believe the meteoric illuminations that sometimes appear in the night were falling stars. This new science of Phrenology is but the scintillation of a fanciful intellect. It is altogether illusive." The professor, you see, had been living in immensity, computing worlds, and racing after comets. The minute perfections of brain-work were incomprehensible to this infinitudinarian. He felt that he carried his whole head with him on his cerulean excursions, as he would have expressed it. After this tremendous explosion from his loftiness had done echoing in his ear, the phrenologist very quietly asked

if he believed the brain, as a whole, to be the organ of the mind. "Certainly I do," was the reply. "How many fixed stars have already been discovered?" continued the querist. "About eighty millions already, and, with improved instruments, more and more will probably be brought within the range of vision. Astronomy is a science as boundless as it is transcendently magnificent." "Well," rejoined the phrenologist, with a queer look he could not help, "there is nothing preposterous, I presume, in the fact that a little lump of brain, within a little cover of a skull, should be the instrument to take in this world, and the rest of the solar system, and all those eighty millions of suns, and to imagine, besides, millions after millions, and their worlds about them, still beyond in the boundless universe. There is no disproportion here between the smallness of the organ and the greatness of the work, is there?" The professor coloured a little, but the phrenologist thought the hue not yet quite deep enough, so he questioned on. "When you look upward at night, you

can see quite a large portion of the heavens and their thousand visible stars?" He nodded assent. "Well, this large portion of the concave is all taken into that little organ, the eye, not an inch in diameter?" The astronomer looked up, then down, then took out his watch and looked at that. The catechism continued. "Does not all this vastness of view—it may be cloud, azure, and stars—somehow or other image itself on that little tiny tablet the retina? You perceive no disproportion here, do you, between the minuteness of the instrument and the mightiness of the operation?" The professor of the immense had by this time restored his watch to his fob, and ejaculating a feeble Oh! or Ah! stalked sublimely away. It is possible that, after he had got out of sight, he might stoop down to reflect that the supposition of such minute divisions of brain about the eye was not altogether preposterous, and that, if they did really exist, they were large and strong enough to stand a comparison with some other mighty little things he did acknowledge to exist.

P.S.—Let not Astronomy be brought down by the small-talk above. Some of its professors not only prove Phrenology by their organization, but approve it also in their speech. When the Smithsonian bequest shall be appropriated “to diffuse knowledge among men,” Astronomy will probably be heard calling out, “Friend Phrenology! please to send me organizations of exactly the right pattern to take charge of my ‘lighthouses of the sky.’” Phrenology will then hunt up her Herschels, and send them on.

LETTER XXIV.

THE ACCOUNTANT.

WE will now just turn a corner, and pay our respects to a clerky character—the accountant to the brainy world. He even helped that supercilious star-hunter to keep tally of his game. His eighty millions of stars would have been, in thought at least, hardly more than an inseparable mass, a sort of ray-mist, without this clever master at figures.

But just see where his desk is. There would not be room for it amid the close press of that busy throng which search after the properties of bodies. He, in general, has rather bigger work, keeping count of all great things as well as little things, and all their qualities besides. Like Individuality at the other side of the company, he is a more considerable personage. Indeed, In-

dividuality is his coadjutor in the business. There is an intimate understanding and communication between them, without which accounts could not possibly be kept. But the stand, where is it? Just round the corner of the eye, where there is ample room to put forth strength to count the sifted sands, or the stars that need no sifting, as Individuality shall forward them to notice. To speak more plainly, we know that numerical calculation is a more intricate and complicated operation than that of just looking out at the eyes and observing the order in which things are placed. A child may notice order, and does do it in its early existence; but he does not count to much extent, and certainly does not perform the more complex business of numbers till considerably advanced. For instance, let a magnet be put among iron filings, and how the little particles, as if alive, will leap and arrange themselves, running along in little rows after the attractor. Now an infant would notice the curious order, but even a grown person would find it slow work to

enumerate the lively multitude. At any rate, this example shows which is noted first by the mind, order or number. So we perceive that Nature has here put that first which we should naturally suppose ought to precede, to conform to the regularity observed in the afore-named organs. We fancy, too, that Number has a larger organ than those faculties which take care of qualities, and, consequently, is furnished with more room in its outside position.

Ye merchants and bank directors, would it not be well to ask Phrenology what sort of calculation one may possess, before you intrust him with your highest numerical responsibilities?

LETTER XXV.

THE REGISTER OF DEEDS.

WE move round to the front again, and mount above the nose. We will first call on Individuality, as we shall need the aid of this character to help us get fairly at another one. The material objects which Individuality points out are capable of action. Living things move of themselves, and the particles and masses of inanimate matter may be made to move by the application of adequate force. Nature is everywhere in motion, more or less. Now this action is a subject of observation altogether different from the thing which acts. We look at a man, and have a distinct idea of him as a man, but when he walks there is an entirely new perception. Now is it not rational to suppose a distinct faculty which takes note of motion? An organ for this

purpose has been discovered. See in what perfect order comes its position. It is exactly above, and joining upon Individuality. It is termed Eventuality. "There is a man," says Individuality, in the first place, whether he remain still or not. "Look! he is going, or doing this or that," observes Eventuality, from his also central, but secondary station.

This faculty takes notice of past events, as well as those presently happening. It remembers those personally witnessed, and gets at those observed by others through the language of narration, and remembers them also. What would the past be worth without Eventuality? Through this, "History teaches by instances," as the adage is, "and Experience communicates its wisdom."

Herodotus and Xenophon, Livy and Tacitus! would that we possessed your skulls, to exhibit protuberances to modern Doubt, which it could grasp with its bungling fingers. But we have Jared Sparks and George Bancroft living among us—

historians of our own land and liberties. We will rest the evidences on their heads. We know that they abound in brain to make some sort of organs of, or our faculty of size is a magnifying-glass. John Quincy Adams, that living chronicle of all that is political or is past to any valuable purpose, must also be a specimen. His sixty years of jotting down, day by day, must have pushed out his Eventuality, jot by jot, into a sufficient knob for an argument to hang upon. What could Congress do were it not for this memory-oracle to consult in time of need? But there is one thing he remembers astonishingly for a man of his age and previous dignity of station: it is—always to be in his place and do his duty, however hard and humble it may be.

We would now direct attention to a certain senator at the Capitol. He is a stout, thick-set man, with brown hair, and a complexion to match. His constitution seems to be made for hard work—at any rate, he has a disposition for it. He sits surrounded by more numerous utensils of the legislative

vocation than most of his compeers. His desk is piled with books and documents to a degree that it would make a large portion of his constituents ache to think of looking through them. No matter: they have intrusted this kind of tools to one who has been as industrious in their use as ever they were with axe, rifle, or leger. Many imagine him to have remarkable skill in political mechanics. One thing is quite generally known, viz., that he is an earnest advocate for constructing machinery, called the financial, of solid materials; nothing less than gold, at least silver wheels, will satisfy his inventive ingenuity.

This individual is Thomas H. Benton. We have introduced him, however, not so much to speak of his general character, as to present to notice his well-known aptness at events. But, in the first place, he possesses extraordinary Individuality. His forehead heaves out just above the root of his nose so protuberantly, that you might almost take the organ between thumb and finger, handle-like. This enormous Individualizer holds

in the most distinct view the actor or object from which an event proceeds. Now when, in connexion with this, Eventuality is also uncommonly large and active, what a marvel must he not be in noticing and remembering the doers and doings of the world! He will martial his facts on the field of debate as a general would an army—companies, battalions, regiments of them: this, too, with the pictured banners of rhetoric streaming and fluttering over in grand and exciting array. But when the host is drawn out in another form, on another muster-ground, what a very prairie of newspaper do these Missourians take to stand on! But, reader, if you cannot get nearer to the Western legislator than the gallery of the Senate Chamber, we can tell you where you can put your hand upon what looks as much like him as ever inanimate matter of the sort looked like an animate man. It is at Fowler's Phrenological Room in New-York. Pray go; and with respect to the science, and no disrespect to the senator, pinch his protuberances. Keep *this* "ball in motion."

The young pen-champion of England's humble life has come to look at life and land, high and low, here. Phrenology exclaims as loud as any, "Welcome, Boz!" for she is a philanthropist as well as a philosopher. While she shall hold out one hand in cordial greeting, she will put the other, with a glad confidence, upon his head. He who could so follow the track, watch the motions, and note the deeds of poverty through its dusky labyrinths, must himself be an all-convincing **FACT**.

LETTER XXVI.

WHITHER AND WHERE.

ANOTHER faculty, and its organ. When we notice an individual object, we look in a definite direction, and find it occupying a certain portion of space. It is this way or that way from us, and in this place or that. Now the faculty of form, size, and colour may take note of the spot as it regards these qualities, but the direction is a distinct idea; it is like nothing else. We have an organ for this perception, termed Locality.

As individuals exist and events happen in a certain direction or in a certain place, as is the more common language, this organ is put on each side of Individuality and Eventuality, jutting in between the two. Those who have this large, are not likely to lose their way in going anywhere the second time. Indeed, the very sun might as well

be expected to take the wrong road now and then of a morning, as some men we have seen.

Travel-loving people generally have more than the ordinary prominence here. We have met a schoolmaster who would winter it every year in a different district. He had ranged all over the states, seemingly in pursuit of pedagoguing and pence, but really lured by his taste for travelling. He could tell every town, tavern, and guide-board between Cape Cod and Cincinnati. His organ of Locality heaved up and jutted over his eye like a cliff above a cavern. There is a blind man in Boston, a distributor of newspapers, who is truly wonderful for his science of the streets, crinkling about among the notions there. He has been all his life determining directions, so as not to miss his object or his way by hand or foot. Locality is an absolute enormity in his head.

Military officers of long service generally have this organ large. They have been obliged, more than most, to look to localities. They must see which way to march,

where to encamp, in what quarter the enemy is; and in battle, especially, they must have an eye in as many directions as there are points of mutual attack and defence: of course, if use makes an organ grow large and strong, here is a plenty of this sort of nourishment. Just look at the portraits of our past distinguished commanders, or at the heads of our present ones, and see if it is not so.

There is one fact particularly worthy of notice. Several of our generalissimos have not only been acquainted with the localities around our danger-bound frontiers, but have manifested most remarkable distinctness of conception in relation to the seat of government, although so far away from it. At any rate, two of them found their way there from far border points, and camped comfortably down, quite to the amazement of about half of the whole nation. Many begin to suspect that General Scott, like two or three others, has this *capital* development of direction. One thing is certain: he is an enormously tall man, well-proportioned too,

and takes long strides and travels easy. He could outmarch many a shorter man, and go over a great deal of ground in three or four years. Old Niagara, some say, is spouting and shouting his praises all the time; or, as others would express it, is echoing thunder that was made round about there a few years ago. It is reported that the thousand-plumed chief of the cataracts unfolds something like Scott's old Chippewa and Bridgewater banners every sunny morning. Some grand thunder-cloud may possibly bear a similar token over Washington City and the Potomac yet; somewhat like the insignia of Peace around the shoulder of War.

But we are no respecter of persons; we simply record facts, reports, and appearances, by way of illustration and embellishment.

LETTER XXVII.

THE TIMEPIECE.

BUT there is a when as well as a where to the happening of events. Time is an altogether new and distinct idea. It is not an object, or a quality, or an action. What is it, then? It is Time, and this is all the philosophy about the idea which this very Time will now give us leisure for. Nature has furnished a faculty, and an organ for it: and it is just where we might suppose it to be, joining upon the side of Locality, which determines the place of things that exist, and of events that happen in duration.

Let us now exemplify the operation of these last four organs in the order in which they stand, and in which, also, they present ideas to the consciousness. The teacher enters the schoolroom at nine o'clock. You perceive that the faculties which, in imme-

diate succession, take note of these circumstances, are not obliged to call one to another from different quarters of the head, that each may go about its successive duty. We like to give Doubt a dab now and then, and ask him, "How comes this close companionship?"

P.S.—It is suggested to the picture-makers to be more philosophical and tasteful, in sketching the impersonations of Time. We would have him drop his old scythe; he has been imagined to carry it long enough. He is no mower; he simply watches the when and how long of influences and appearances connected with the growth and the harvest. It is Destructiveness that cuts down. It is not he, moreover, who kills off the animate world; it is the character just mentioned, or ignorant Transgression, wilful Sin, or old, stealthy Decay. We would not have him described as bald and decrepit, for he is ever the fresh and full-lived now. He looks back through the eventful ages, and keeps their date, but

his most active and useful vocation is with the present. We would paint him a glowing and lovely youth, the angel-friend of all the living. He should be placed on earth's loftiest observatory, the mountain-top, there to have been watching the clockwork of stars, if you please to suppose, but pictorially presented, just as the pinnacle is kindling up with the first beam of dawn. With one hand he should point back to the departing night, with the other to the gladdening heavens, while his welcoming face should be towards the approaching sun. There he would be, as if early ready to note the hours and the moments for virtuous industry through the day; indicating, also, the futurity that might yet descend from these visible skies, or which will be found in the invisible and receiving eternity beyond.

This sentinel of the seasons might convey another instructive meaning. He might be imagined to point back to the retreating darkness of error, and look forward to the rising light of truth; and, lastly, signify that

celestial direction towards which Truth illumines the way. But ancient usage is inexorably steadfast, especially when sanctioned and confirmed by the honoured powers of literature. Even we have fallen under its influence, and drawn figures from flying Time. But we abominate the horrid scythe and bald head. If he must have wings, to us they shall be those of a benignant angel, growing more glorious as he onward speeds.

LETTER XXVIII.

MUSICAL.

SOUND is something different from everything else, and music is a particular quality of sound. If any perception requires a special faculty and portion of brain to present it, surely it is this. Melody must have a medium to the soul. Behold, then, the organ of Tune, how snug in its own most appropriate corner, immediately surrounded by the several other faculties which help music to its charm or prompt it to utterance. First, Tune is a nervous creature, and would get into very unpleasant differences with the sisters of the craft, without Time to measure spaces and keep performers abreast in their march of harmonies. So the former is put in the same range with the latter, and side by side with it, in the most convenient position to receive its aid. Next, this organ

is placed just above Order, at the corner of the eye ; a capital convenience, inasmuch as a definite arrangement is to be observed in respect to the sounds and signs of the melodious art. Order sees that the notes come one above another, and one after another, with scientific method along the scale. Finally, Tune gets an impulse, and is put into life, if nothing more, by another faculty, to which we will pass through a little piece of anecdote :

“ Well,” exclaimed a phrenologist to a youngster, in whom he perceived a prodigious development of Tune, “ well, I guess you try to sing now and then.” “ I guess I don’t,” was the reply. “ Don’t !” exclaimed the phrenologist, with some surprise ; “ don’t try to sing ! Are you certain ?” “ Yes,” replied the funny youth, “ for I generally *sing* without *trying* !”

LETTER XXIX.

THE MASTER OF SPORTS.

THAT lad who made you end the last letter so smilingly, must have had Mirthfulness with his music, as the phrenologist could perceive by casting his eye to an organ just above, and joining on the organ of Tune. Mirthfulness is a sentiment, not an intellectual faculty, like the few last mentioned; but we will describe it here for convenience' sake, although it is rather out of order. So let us philosophize a little about this master of sports to the establishment. Children like to play; youth will have amusement; middle life likes its merry times; and old age enjoys a pastime; and all ages can laugh "without trying," as that fellow did his singing. Now this playfulness of soul is born with us, and does not die till we do, unless, at last, it takes our disease, and dies off a lit-

tle before us, it may be. Indeed, what a piece of leaden dulness the world would be, what a miserable monotone life, without this gladdening feeling. We might as well have had sunshine without colours, or sound without song, as our nature without this.

• Now for its place, whence it gladdens and giggles forth. It touches from above on the organ of Tune. Please mark this handy connexion. There is no feeling that so easily and naturally sets Tune to work as Mirthfulness. Next to laughter, singing is its natural language.

The ancient precept has a phrenological propriety in it, therefore: "Is any merry, let him sing psalms." We may venture to presume that the author of it meant something livelier than a dirge.

P.S.—Phrenologists do not exactly agree in respect to the organ of Mirthfulness. Grimes has applied a new name, Playfulness, and has some interesting speculations about its function. Others call it the organ of Wit. A late Scotch writer, Sidney Smith,

seems to differ from all others. As our vocation is to explain a little, and recommend as much as we can, we trust that our readers will carefully consult distinguished authors, and set themselves right, if we should happen to be wrong.

LETTER XXX.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

THE eleven faculties last considered, not counting Mirthfulness, are termed the Perceptives. They take note of objects, their qualities and relations. Men, with the organs of these large, are men of affairs, practical men. They know just where to put their fingers to get hold of anything, and just what twist to give in order to keep hold. There are some people to whom order is chaos, because of the confusion of their own heads. They are all the time in the same predicament that a boy is for a moment after whirling round for fun: although he has stopped, he seems to be whirling round still. If he tries to pick up his fallen cap, he runs the risk of tumbling his bare head farther than ever from its covering. Such have weak perceptions.

Of all these faculties, perhaps Individuality is the most important, taking the lead, and guiding all the rest. The object, and exactly *the* object, and no other, is the first consideration. Should you seek eggs and get hold of nothing but pebbles, your chickens would be few, or your breakfast a hard one. Or, should you fancy yourself injured, and aim a right retributive blow at the injurer, and by mistake knock down your best friend, he would be likely to keep at a farther distance in the future than would, perhaps, suit your convenience, or, at least, your heart. First, then, get the individual object fast before the attention, and then you can scrutinize the qualities more or less accurately, according to the strength of the appropriate faculties. But it is desirable that these quality-organs should be strong, so that you can tell exactly whether a man be straight or crooked, tall or short, black, white, or chocolate-colour; and so of things.

Then the order in which you proceed, and the number that does, or should appertain to an affair, are relations of consequence.

Next, there must be no mistake about the actions of individuals. Should you tax a man with picking your pocket, when he had been only tucking back a handkerchief you were just letting drop, it would be a very provoking mistake.

Again, look out for the place where. To set your foot into a mudhole on the road, or on your own creeping babe at home, would be incidents not particularly agreeable; yet there are many who are ever doing something very much like this.

Time, too, is of great consequence in the practical account, inasmuch as it is not always just *there*, and there only, for you to find, as it is with Place. It will not stop for you. Yesterday cannot be turned into to-day, if to-morrow can be. Should you be the sole invited guest to dine with a respected friend, and should not appear till two hours after the appointed o'clock, you might keep a starving family waiting one whole hour, and be too late for your own social repast by another whole one. There are a great many too-late-in-the-afternoon folks in the world.

As for Tune, one may have it or not, and still do tolerably well, excepting the pleasure of music. Still, there should be ever such a perception of Tune as not to mistake a dirge for a dancing tune, and so go to "taking the steps" at a funeral.

Finally, it is well to have all these powers so sufficiently developed as not to mistake a church and its Sabbath-day worshippers for a tavern and a political caucus. Equally important, if not exactly similar mistakes to such, have often been made, both in public and private life, just for the lack of Perception.

Let us now illustrate by example. There is a tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed individual, sixty years old or more, who occupies a seat in the Senate at the Capitol. He has not what would be called a handsome face, but one of the liveliest, or, if we may so speak, one of the most looking faces that ever fronted a head. It is because he has a looking organization. You catch not him asleep or moping. He seems to see everybody that comes in or goes out, and, besides, to have

an eye on, and an ear for, whatever "honourable" senator may occupy the field of debate. If his own marked political game is on foot, he is then Nimrod, a mighty hunter. He can see just what fissure of inconsistency, nook of sophism, or covert of rhetoric is made a hiding-place. At the right moment, he aims a rifle pretty sure to hit if his powder is good; and his friends say that he uses only the best. Grand fun it is to stand by, and see this keen sportsman crack off, and especially to hear him wind "the mellow, mellow horn" which his mother gave him a long while ago.

To leave our hunting-ground metaphor for the plain beaten way, this individual is the veteran statesman from Kentucky. Now just come and look at his head, or seek his portrait at least. You will see how his Perceptives put themselves forth in front, just as if they were reaching after their objects, as it were, for a long pull and a strong pull, to fetch them into keeping. Then in speech, with what ease, grace, order, and effect he can fling forth his gatherings. His

mind has been developed by the exciting circumstances of active life rather than by the speculations of quiet books. Henry Clay is therefore a practical man. He is pre-eminently perceptive. He knows the whom, the what, the where, the when, the which first, and the how many, as well, perhaps, as any public man living. A very long political life has put him to the test. We do not aver that he never made mistakes, or that he is politically and positively right; we intimate, moreover, nothing to the contrary. We would simply convey, that of all the great statesmen of our country, he particularly illustrates the faculties just had under review.

P.S.—It is rumoured that the afore-named statesman is about to leave the Senate. If it be so, would that a few words penned in this humble work might reach his eye, and waken the deepest convictions of duty in his talented soul. Distinguished Sir! As on your homeward way you shall stand on the Alleghany, and gaze down on that thou-

sand-leagued and teeming valley, behold another field of labour which you might enter on with unrivalled effect. It is that of advocating the all-paramount cause of Popular Education—the physical, intellectual, and moral culture of the common people, and the whole people.

“Do you yet aspire to the presidency? The presidency! What is it but the office of first and highest-paid tender on a great, cold, though necessary machine; the incumbent harassed by the cares of place, and crazed with the jarring wheels. There is honour, indeed, in the duty well done, but it is an honour which shall be less and less esteemed as the world grows wiser, and true dignity and glory shall be understood. But the Educator—he is newness of life to the living, yea, a very awakener of the dead. Such you now may become. With your broad influence of character, you might expand yourself, like a spirit of heavenly blessing, over the land, yea, through the souls of those Western millions. The chief magistracy is comparatively but a poor prize of am-

bition. If you grasp it, you are but one, somewhere along in a lengthening line of possessors. But, SIR, with that melodious voice and glowing soul, by which you have held listening senates and thronged galleries spell-bound year after year, return to your magnificent valley; stand up among the great assemblies of the people, men and women, fathers and mothers, old and young—all attracted by your forty years' fame; yes, there stand, unfold, convince, spell-bind, in advocating man's chief and heaven-appointed work on earth—Education. Then you shall crown your long public life with a glory as much purer and richer than that said to be coveted, as the diffusive vitalizing light is purer and richer than the cold, stationary stone of an official palace. What an illustrious magistracy then would be yours—that over the immortal domains of Mind! You shall not only be called the first Great Orator, but the FIRST Great EDUCATOR of the West. By inspiring to the development of intellect, heart, and conscience, how would those barbarous mur-

ders cease, and brawling tongues be stopped!
 How would your genial influence steal, pu-
 rifying, through neighbourhoods, and kindle
 the light of instruction in many and many
 a home! O, how would you weave through-
 out those yet rude regions the reconcilements
 of love! You would be a **PACIFICATOR** in-
 deed, and your own latter days would be
 sweetened with the peace you had bestow-
 ed!

LETTER XXXI.

A SHARP ONE.

A MOST common exercise of the mind is that of comparing one thing with another, to see how they resemble or differ. We wish to distinguish which from which in making, buying, arranging, and using things. The farmer sorts his corn, putting the sound into one basket, and the unsound into another. The trader sorts his goods, putting kind with kind, that, when he wishes to push off a poor article, he may know where to put his hand on it. But the purchaser sorts too, it may be, and sorts the better from the worse, and will have that or none. The people sort themselves in society, discriminating between higher and lower condition, and refined or vulgar manners. They also sort themselves at elections, picking out those from the mass who will best serve their com-

mon interests. Now all this sorting is done by putting things and persons side by side, and finding the difference. This act of the mind is Comparison.

Again, in arranging things in classes, we compare together plants, trees, and animals, and those that are alike in certain points we designate by a particular name, common to them as a class; such as potato, walnut, horse. In this way the numerous objects of nature have been classified in the sciences.

Again, we compare together actions or events. For instance, we compare the conduct of one person with that of another, and thus estimate character. We compare processes and operations of nature; those that resemble in kind we call by a particular term, such as Chymistry, Astronomy, &c. Here is another instance of the use of Comparison in science.

Now is not this a distinct exercise of the mind, differing from every other with which we are acquainted? It is generally so considered. Then, in conformity with what we

have already observed, it should have a distinct organ in the brain. Such an organ has been discovered. Judging from what we know of the other organs, should not this have a position which shall appear peculiarly appropriate, exactly *the* place above all others ?

Let us now see. Comparison makes a perpendicular line with Individuality and Eventuality, being just above, and touching on the latter, central in the forehead. How admirably adapted is its location ! We have seen that it is individuals, or their actions, which the faculty has more particularly to do with ; and here it is, directly above the faculties which furnish objects and events for its discriminating powers.

It is this faculty which perceives resemblances or analogies all round the universe, whereby to illustrate any subject of thought or speech. Those speakers and writers who abound in similes and metaphors have it large. Just look at Benton and Preston in the Senate, and see if it is not so with them, in connexion with remarkable aptness at words.

Poets are full here, as any one can aver who has phrenologically looked at Bryant, or any other distinguished poet.

Wits have it large, possessing also much Mirthfulness, to set it to work in the right way.

When the fierce little faculty just above the ear is uncommonly large and active, Wit is very likely to gripe and bite an opponent, as well as tickle a by-stander. Its name, then, is Satire. Those in whom this three-organed imp, Satire, is incarnate, have fearful powers, and are sometimes as merciless as they are mighty. They will not only put their fangs into a single victim, but, with more than boa-constrictor length and strength, infold a hundred in their coil, and dart in their biters. Young Byron once did so by certain vexatious people, and squeezed all their breath out of their bodies, champ-ing them to mince-meat. At any rate, they had not wind enough left to make their mouth-works go again to his harm.

Politicians with this possession sometimes cause one of the two party monsters to ache

from top to toe, so that he can do nothing but scream and call hard names as he catches his vengeful breath. Would that both of them might get such bites and gripes that they would dare to seek and say nothing but the truth for three months to come: then that puzzle, the Financial Question, would be worked out, and ready for national proof, with that certain and satisfactory success which honest diligence always meets with. When will that ancient schoolmaster get abroad again—Washingtonian Patriotism?

LETTER XXXII.

WHENCE AND WHY.

NEXT to Comparison comes Causality, the other of the only two Reflective faculties as yet discovered. All acknowledge that there is a power of the mind called Reason: Causality is but another name for it. But let us show more distinctly what it does; for this purpose we will quote from Grimes, as he presents the subject with great clearness and simplicity.

“Causality is the perception of dependence and connexion. Everything in existence is more or less intimately related to every other thing. But when the relation of one thing to another is such that it always must precede it, it is said to be its *cause*, and that which is thus preceded is called an *effect*. This effect may in turn become a cause, and produce another ef-

fect, and so on to infinity, constituting a chain of causes and effects, which is called a concatenation. That cause which immediately precedes an effect is called the immediate cause, and all the other links in the chain of causation are remote causes. So, also, those effects which immediately follow a cause are called immediate effects, and all others are remote effects. Now it is the function of the faculty of Causality to perceive the relation among phenomena which constitutes cause and effect. It perceives the dependance of one thing upon another, or of one event upon another, or of one phenomenon of any kind upon some other. Thus it perceives the dependance of the rivers upon their tributary streams — the dependance of the streams upon the springs — of the springs upon the rains — of the rains upon the clouds — of the clouds upon evaporation — of evaporation upon heat — of heat upon the sun — and the dependance of all these phenomena upon the laws of gravitation.”

○ We present, also, some passages from

Fowler. "That the faculty in man which regards every phenomenon or result in nature as the product of some antecedent cause, is innate, and its operations intuitive, may, moreover, be justly inferred from the fact that he is naturally prone to demand a *reason* for everything—to ask why it is so. That this faculty in man is innate, is still farther evident from the fact that this cause-seeking disposition is strikingly evinced in children. Almost as soon as they begin to make observations, they also begin to inquire why things are so—to investigate the causes, reasons, and uses of things.

"Of all the human faculties, Causality is undoubtedly the most important, if, indeed, a preference may be given to one faculty over another, as it gives that depth, and strength, and solidity to the mind so necessary to the proper guidance and direction of the other faculties, and without which man could scarcely be accounted a rational being. It is, in fact, that faculty which, above all others, so pre-eminently distinguishes man from the brute, and enables him to

stand forth in majestic dignity as the lord of this lower creation. With this faculty largely developed, and aided by Comparison, man is capable of thinking, reasoning, rising, soaring; of looking with an intelligent eye into the works of the Deity, and of penetrating the mighty mysteries of his Divine government."

Let us now see where the organ of this noblest of the Intellectuals is situated. It is at the loftiest position possible beneath the moral sentiments, each side of Comparison. Here the forehead will have a breadth, height, and fulness in proportion to the size of the organ. Here sits the Chieftain of the Intellect, as it were, on an overlooking and majestic throne. It is a well-attested fact, that the great philosophers of past time had an extraordinary development exactly in this part of the head; and we venture to predict, that any man living, very peculiarly distinguished for his reasoning powers, will exhibit a prominence here such as the scatter-thought sort of people never show.

Kind, candid reader, please examine the

heads of your own acquaintances. You may know of one whose argumentation is chain-like, so that you can follow it link by link, and remember at the close just in what order the links come, one after another, from the brain-smith. You must, however, be somewhat of a reasoner yourself, closely to follow and clearly to remember. We will suppose you are so. Now mark the fashion of this man's forehead; compare it with that of some other, whose ideas stick together about as much as dust in the wind, and observe the difference.

The peculiar position of Causality in respect to Comparison is worthy of note. But just consider how the functions of the two are related. What is a primary and most frequent exercise of the mind in seeking the yet unknown cause of any object or phenomenon? Is it not Comparison? How came the works of Nature? for instance. We compare them with the works of man which indicate intelligence and design, applicability to a certain use, and we find a resemblance in respect to such indications.

Hence we infer by Causality that these things of Nature, like those of human art, had an intelligent Maker, who designed them, also, with applicability to a certain use. Again, we observe some phenomenon—a sound in the night, for instance; we compare it with some other sound we have heard, and hence infer whether it is produced by a rolling carriage, by the winds, by the water, or an earthquake. Newton sought to know what kept the globes in balance, and he compared this unknown force with that which brought an apple to the ground, and thus he inferred that the balance of the globes and the fall of the apple were from the same cause—Gravitation. Now observe the relative positions of Causality and Comparison. The former is situated each side of the latter, and joining closely upon it. Thus Comparison is an immediately present and ever-ready coadjutor to aid Causality to its conclusions. So, whether we go forward or backward, ascend or descend in our range round the head, we still find this wonderful order and harmony of arrangement.

Mr. Combe has a rich treatise on Causality. Instead of quoting, we would urge our readers to peruse it. Especially would we commend to attention his argument for the existence of God, at the close of the section. Would theologians of the pulpit lose time by the study of Phrenology? For our country, for the world, for Christianity's sake, we beseech them to study and see!

“Public men are public property” is the adage. This, in practice, may sometimes not be quite agreeable. We trust, however, that such publicity as will do good by proving truth beyond refutation will not be offensive or unjust.

Not long ago, one occupied a desk in the Senate who may be called the gigantic in Causality—the very Anak of the organ, if we may so speak. Indeed, he is one to be marked among a million. His forehead globes out at the Reflectives like old Jupiter's, as we have seen him in marble. But his Perceptives, though full, fall in beneath this grandeur of the higher brain. He is not a hunter watching his game, as his com-

peer of Kentucky is. This man looks as if he were contriving some awful blunderbuss, to put daylight through an opponent by-and-by, when he shall find time to fire it off. We describe him as he used to be seen. Daniel Webster sits at his desk with his head bent over, his hand on his forehead, and his brows knitting fringework over his great deep eye-caverns, as if he wished to thicken the twilight around the outlook of his Perceptives. But the Reflectives are holding their majestic reign in their spacious, inly-lighted palace above. Hence there are secret passages out into the manifold intricacies of human institutions, and ways, too, far into the mysteries of nature and the great universe, would the power in that palace think fit to open the gates and follow the clew within its reach. But human Government and Law is the direction this tremendous Causality chooses to take, outstriding all, or most others, surely, in these departments. He is "the Defender of the Constitution," by his party so called by way of eminence. Whether he is so or not, no

matter ; doubtless he is amply able to defend it ; with his mighty searching Causality, he cannot but know all about the principles of the instrument. He sees just where, and how far, the roots of this liberty-tree strike down, and how many roots and fibres there are. He can give you the whole philosophy of these foundations ; and then, above them, the same of trunk, bough, branch, twig, leaf, flower, and fruit. But then his opponents would contend that great knowledge and philosophy do not necessarily imply integrity in using it. How it may be in the case of this statesman, we give no opinion.

But it need not offend any political sensitiveness, certainly, to record that Daniel Webster possesses Causality extraordinary, for Spurzheim, Combe, the Fowlers, and many others proclaim it. In some situations he cannot but be of substantial service, as all parties must allow. As secretary of state, who of his own party, better than he, can keep foreign intrusiveness at arm's end, or grapple, giant-like, in diplomatic back-hug, if it shall be necessary ? Shades of

the Seven Wise Men! the Causality of this one son of a farmer can show all the East from what principles their old, time-cracked, but moss-covered institutions grew up, and by what causes they are crumbling and tumbling down, and will surely come to speedy ruin, unless those who are sheltered by them mend them up by good modern brick and mortar.

Finally, Phrenology invites all the doubters of all the nations to come alongside what Old England called "The Great Western," and if they shall not find mighty timbers and awful great guns, then the Ocean-Queen was deceived by bigness of bulk and of porthole. If such evidences shall not be found, then also one half the republican sovereigns on this side of the seas have imagined that they witnessed many tremendous cannonades when they really did not. It was nothing but the action of a spectre-ship seen in the deliriousness of party; and those echoes from far Europe-side were the echoes of an apparition.

LETTER XXXIII.

THE GREATEST OF THE GRACES.

AN entire stranger enters our dwelling, and we are kindly disposed towards him unless something unfavourable in his appearance presents. He asks information about the way, we promptly give it; or craves, perhaps, a draught of water, it is presented. Does he appear to be sick and in pain, we go at once about relief: does he seem faint and likely to fall, we spring to his side for support: is he at length able to proceed, we provide him with little comforts, and send him on his journey with anxious sympathy. The feeling that prompts us is Benevolence. None but those who have it but feebly can doubt its existence as a distinct principle in our nature. If it is impulsive and strong towards a stranger, how much more active towards friends.

So dependant are human beings on each other in social life, that they could not possibly do without this. Its ends could be fully accomplished by no other faculty of which we have treated. Under Providence, there is a great deal of suffering all over the world. Individuals, families, nations are in more or less trouble. Heaven commissions one to the other as its merciful messenger of aid. For this purpose the blessed sentiment is implanted. The common kindness of daily intercourse deepens into beneficence in some individual case of need, branches off in various charities in our own community, or sweeps away in world-wide philanthropy. There is a glorious, a divine philosophy in this appointment of want and supply, suffering and relief, but we have not space or time for it here.

Let us see where Benevolence has its seat. It is exactly above Comparison, at the pitch of the forehead where it rounds up, and over under the hair, to the more horizontal part of the head.

Fowler says, "Of all the moral organs,

this occupies the most prominent portion of the head, and has allotted to it the greatest surface, thus apparently implying that its function is designed to be one of the cardinal human virtues, and that to do good to those around us is both our privilege and our duty."

As this sentiment appertains directly and continually to our fellow-beings, its organ is as near to the world before us as the Creator could place it on the brow, above the Intellectuals. It there gives sweetness of expression to the face below, softly beaming in the eyes, sweetly smiling on the lips. In the signs of civility in meeting friends, how the benevolent organ of one bends forward, as it were, meeting the benevolent organ of the other. Bowing is its natural language, not the mere conventional sign of politeness. Benevolence implanted near the intellectual and the constructive powers, would stimulate these to make their chief end the good of others. It persuades the Perceptives to get knowledge of materials, the Reflectives to seek for principles of com-

ination, and Constructiveness to put materials together, for the welfare of those around. Acquisitiveness itself is its heaven-appointed servant. There are many blessed instances in this wide world where thousands and thousands are taken up from many sources, even as the waters are drawn up by the sun, and are scattered beneficently far and wide again, as the clouds are made to return in reviving showers.

O Benevolence! how delightful to contemplate it wherever it is found, lovely in the little, and beautifully grand in the great. We cannot leave this organ without an illustration or two. A gentleman was passing along a street of this city on a winter's day, when he witnessed an incident which may be a lesson to thousands if but put in print :

A sweet little rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired girl of twelve years old, perhaps, was walking, tripping, gliding along from school, book in one hand and bag in the other, and bonnet rather carelessly awry, and humming a juvenile song lowly to herself as she

flitted. She was not aware of the observer's nearness. It had been raining long enough to make the ice much more slippery, and it was raining still, but she did not seem to mind it. A little negro girl was at the same time coming down the declivitous pavement on the other side, with a basket on her arm. In a twinkling, the young African had slipped upon the wet and treacherous ice, and was upon her back, and her basket rolling along down, with the clean clothes she was carrying home tumbling out into the watery and muddy gutter. In a twinkling more, miss flew across and up the street to the sufferer. She took her by the hand and helped her on her feet, then assisted to pick up the clothes and brush off the mud, and replace them in the basket. The poor carrier had sprained her foot, and found herself quite lame. But lo! by the time the sympathizing witness got to that side of the street, the little whity had hold of one side of tearful blacky's basket of clothes, and was aiding the dirtied, dripping, and heavier burden back to the wash,

and speaking to her in the most soothing, the sweetest tones. The gentleman followed them to the washerwoman's to learn how much harm had come to the child, and he found her tender-hearted helper excusing her from the mishap in the most earnest manner. The rainbow on the cloud is but a faint emblem of the beauty and the boisterousness there contrasted.

But our story is about done. We know the name of that seraph of goodness. We watched the growth and development of body and spirit. She was beautiful, and became the centre of admiration enough to spoil almost any other belle. But neither has fashion, nor any of its follies, made her forget the poor, and stay from the door of the sick. She is now a wife and a mother, with many cares at home; but all of them cannot prevent her from caring for many a one less fortunate than herself. "Blessed are the merciful!"—this scripture should be the label of her life. That little negro girl has been her faithful servant for years. "Oh!" exclaimed the full-hearted African to another

er, "you don't know how good she is. I am afraid the angels will carry her to heaven too soon for me and a great many other folks." On this lady's head there is an elevation and amplitude of the organ of Benevolence which the most careless eye might observe. Mercy has one of her largest thrones on that brow. This incident has indeed no romance, but there is singularity enough to make it interesting. For where else is the little daughter of fortune and fashion that would spring so impulsively away to lift up the fallen of a despised race, and then, like a sister in colour and poverty, help bear her burden back to her hovel-home? She might call to somebody's passing servant to aid the unfortunate, but not on her own feet and hands. If such instances as the above are common, then the Millennium is nearer than we thought.

Did you ever see General Harrison? If you never did, just look at any of the pictures of him to be found at almost every turn. See how high his forehead rises up, like a perpendicular wall, or, rather, how

full does the horizontal part of his head come over, building this wall of the front so high that there is almost a right angle, as of a square. This prominence is the organ for doing good. His corresponding character is well known. What large philanthropy, what special kindness, what minute tenderness was his! What a blessed father was he to the whole Northwest! That walking with the poor old sailor arm in arm, and bareheaded, just before his mortal sickness—how touching the incident! That letter to the New-York Collector in the poor man's behalf—what heart there was in it! That letter is worth more as an example to his countrymen, than all the sit-still benevolence of all the flashy literature of the age. As it was one of the last memorials, so shall it be an everlasting one of the Good President. O, he was always good, from boyhood onward—good to everybody.

There is a little incident that shall be recorded here, if it has been nowhere else. When in this city as a senator, he was dining one day in company with many others,

and a child's continued cry was heard in the street. His companions sat unmoved, but he could not pursue his meal till he had been out, bareheaded, to ask after the trouble. And he came back with his pocket lighter by a dollar, given to a little girl who had lost thus much, and was in distress at the misfortune.

Thou art gone, good old man, thy dying words a sacred legacy to thy country. How enemies, raised up by exciting occasion, were hushed at thy going hence, sealing with a last unconscious utterance the truth of thy patriotism. In this magnanimous and continued pause from reproach there is a solemn grandeur, and the best monument to thy worth, for it is from millions that before were bitterest opposers. They shall now pass thy modest residence on the Ohio, forgetting the emblem of a successful party in contemplating thee as the Father of the Northwest and the benefactor of the poor.

LETTER XXXIV.

RESPECT, VENERATION, WORSHIP.

WHEN a child, you doubtless looked up to your parents and school-teachers with a respect you felt towards no human being else. Have you an aged father now living, you probably reverence as well as love him. Should you be brought into the presence of some highly-distinguished, and also good man of the country, you would perhaps have a similar feeling towards him, though not mingled with affection as before. In simply thinking of the great and good, the same sentiment would probably possess you. Who can contemplate the character of Washington without almost religious veneration ?

Still farther, there is a much higher exercise of this sentiment towards the Divine Being. In this direction it amounts to pro-

foundest awe, at least in the more devout. Towards God is its highest and holiest action; and when mingled with faith, hope, and love towards him, there is a blessed "beauty of holiness" in worship, which must be an antepast of heaven. After proceeding thus far in our science, you can hardly doubt the existence of a distinct organ through which this sentiment is exercised.

The organ of Veneration is immediately and centrally back of Benevolence, and joining also upon Firmness. When full, it makes the highest part of the head, in front of the last-named organ. It corners, also, upon Conscientiousness. It has, therefore, a commanding position in the head, and its function is one of the highest importance. The world could hardly do without it. Respect for parents is an indispensable element in family government and felicity. So veneration for men of superior talent and virtue is a pure and beautiful trait. Then Reverence for those institutions of government, by which nations are protected from

without, and kept in peace among themselves, is a wise ordination of the Creator.

Finally, that exercise of the sentiment which contributes to religion is of supreme importance. While we worship with awe, we cannot but also praise that we are endowed with this medium of approach to the Infinite Sovereign.

It is worthy of remark, that this organ is on the top of the head, so that in the child it points upward towards the parent that stoops in strength and wisdom over him. It also points heavenward, as to that immensity of height at which the Creator is above the creature.

In deference to superiors, we naturally bring the organ down; in a marked obeisance, sink it quite low. In the homage of the Eastern nations, whether to a monarch or to deities, the organ is brought even to the ground. This lowering the head directly forward is the natural language of the organ, or, rather, of the sentiment acting through it.

One of the chief purposes of this faculty

seems to be to produce those degrees of deference, one towards another, which are necessary to the subordination and peace of society. Co-operating with other faculties, it conduces largely to the quietness and stability of government.

Combe gives an interesting account of the manner in which Gall discovered the organ. Almost all phrenological writers have interesting philosophy and illustrations concerning the faculty. We pray you to consult them, about Veneration in particular, for, more than any other, it proclaims from its seat, as from a sacred oracle—There is a God.

G. B. GATES.

LETTER XXXV.

ONE LIKE ANOTHER.

WHAT imitative creatures we all are! Why so? Because there is a special faculty and organ which make us imitative. Could not children copy the motions and manners of those who are older, it would cost trouble beyond all patience to teach them an agreeable behaviour. Indeed, were it not for this ability, any community of people, not to say the world, would have as many different ways about any one thing as the hair of an uncombed barbarian, which is together only as it hangs to his head. Without Imitation, too, all wisdom would have hard work to instruct in the powers of speech. What multitudinous unmeaning sounds would shiver the air before anything like conformity of speech could be brought about! All nations would have to go round

through Babel in getting at a vernacular tongue. Without this, how long it would take to make garments, build houses, or whittle even trenchers into shape! The world's civilization would have had yet a terrible savage look, notwithstanding it is so many thousand years old. But where is the organ? Each side of Benevolence, running up towards Veneration, and probably touching thereon. There seems an appropriateness in the location. Children imitate parents and superiors generally, amid whom they live; and the lower grades of society are disposed to copy the manners and modes of life prevalent in the higher. In this way there is a general conformity, and a tendency to go on and up in improvement. We see, therefore, how materially Veneration influences this organ, which thus branches down from it.

With seriousness we would also suggest, that the conjunction of the two organs would naturally lead us to imitate the characters of the greatly good, to copy the example of the blessed Saviour of men, and, lastly, to

imitate the divinely perfect, the infinite Father of all.

Again, men living together in neighbourhood are naturally kindly disposed one towards another, unless there are peculiar circumstances to interfere with such dispositions. Now Imitation, lying along beside Benevolence, is prompted by it to that mutual adaptation of manners and modes which far more enhances the agreeableness of society.

In closing, we would suggest to the citizens of the country to select as candidates for Congress men with larger Imitation than possessed by many in past times delegated to that place. Our history is full of great and good examples; the Capitol is all pictured round with the representations of patriotic virtue; yet by how few, comparatively, are they copied! Now the Father of his Country sits there in all but breathing and speaking personification; and for what? How long shall it be, but to contrast the *wholeness* of patriotism and the grandeur of rectitude, with the partisan and sectional

selfishness, and the gross viciousness which so numerous dishonour those legislative halls? But, citizens of the Republic! how can you expect your public servants to copy the immaculate patriot, unless you yourselves, in suffrage, do first imitate the cool discrimination, the lofty independence, and uncompromising integrity of WASHINGTON?

LETTER XXXVI.

BELIEF.—FAITH.

THE phrenologists have found what some of them call the organ of Marvellousness, and others that of Wonder. Those who are particularly fond of marvellous tales, and anything else wonderful, have uncommon protuberances each side of Imitation. We are inclined to think, with some others, that this love of the marvellous arises from the excess of an organ which, in its ordinary operations, has a different and all-important use, viz., that of giving the capacity of Belief. A large portion of our knowledge depends on the testimony of others. We receive it as true because they say so. We spontaneously give credence unless there are peculiar circumstances to excite doubt. Children implicitly believe parents, and pupils their teachers, and must do so, or in-

struction is at an end. It reaches, as some phrenologists say, up round Imitation, and joins upon Veneration; this last faculty prompting it to believe in the statements of those who are older, greater, wiser. Hence, also, the profound religious faith exercised by some towards the Most High object of veneration.

This organ of Belief is also in the vicinity of Benevolence, and we naturally believe in and trust to those for whom we feel friendship, or even a more distant kindness. Again, this organ, according to some, touches down upon Causality; and Belief is intimately connected, in some of its modes, with the action of Causality. With this we perceive the connexions which the Creator has established in the universe. But it does not give us to understand that these connexions will continue; that the same series of causes and effects will exist in the future which have existed in the past: yet we have a spontaneous trust in such a continuance. We believe and expect that what has been will be; that the same order of events in

nature will be maintained: for instance, that the globe will still roll round, the sun will rise, and the seasons of the year recur. Now we apprehend that the adjoining faculty of Belief receives the discoveries of Causality, and holds them fast for the present, and carries them forward to the future. The universe of God is one infinite tissue of connexions and dependancies, of causes and effects. The knowledge of these may at first be communicated by others, the wiser, and our belief must be founded on their simple statement; ultimately, however, as we have opportunity to investigate, it rests upon and is rooted in reason. We perceive, therefore, how appropriately the organ reaches from Veneration to Causality, supported, as it were, and made permanent in its apprehension by both.

Every new communication from a source we can trust excites this faculty anew, and affords its natural stimulus. What is called news, being more unexpected, presents a sudden and impulsive stimulant, and one that is desirable if the news be not unpleas-

ant. Those having the organ large are of course more easily excited, and have an extraordinary fondness for novelty. In consequence, some have been inclined to denominate the faculty "Love of Novelty;" but it is easily perceived that this disposition arises from the excess of the organ, as also does a fondness for the Marvellous. We can hardly believe that the Creator would implant a faculty whose special function is to receive and enjoy wonderful absurdities, but we can easily perceive how an extraordinarily large Belief would fasten upon and delight in such subjects of cognizance, especially if Causality be too diminutive to produce a corrective effect.

There is another circumstance perhaps worthy of thought. Belief reaches down, and partly touches on Mirthfulness. There is an appropriateness in this connexion. What, more than anything else, excites mirthful and joyous feelings? is it not agreeable intelligence, good news? See, now, the line of communication from organ to organ. Good news stimulates Belief, and

Belief excites Mirthfulness; this last, adjoining upon Tune, produces the disposition to song.

Grimes denominates the faculty Credenciveness, and has some interesting notions about it. In fairness, we must give this writer the credit of suggesting these views on the subject. We have observed that a few other phrenologists entertain somewhat similar opinions in respect to the primary and ordinary function of the organ. None, however, express themselves so fully and clearly as Grimes. We would particularly refer the reader to his work. Although some may widely dissent, yet their love of truth, it is hoped, will induce them candidly to receive his suggestions, and put them to the test of practical experience and mature reflection.

As we have undertaken more particularly to exhibit the perfectly appropriate and harmonious arrangements of Phrenology, we will introduce a quotation from the above-named author bearing on this point.

“It is worthy of remark, that Hopefulness,

the highest Ipseal, and Credenciveness, the highest Social, and Causality, the highest Intellectual, are connected together at the top of the brain, and it is curious to study the relation in which these three important powers stand to each other and to the Perceptives. The lower and middle Perceptives are related to that which is perceptible, present, and certain; the Reflectives to that which is certain, but which is not present to the senses, and which is known only by deduction; Credenciveness to that which is probable, and Hopefulness to that which is possible. We may hope for that which we do not believe; we may believe what we cannot prove by reasoning; and we may prove by reasoning what we cannot test by the senses and Perceptives."

We have used the common term Belief in speaking of the faculty. We preferred a word already familiar to the common mind, especially as this, more precisely than any other, indicates our notions. We have no particular desire to innovate on the already established and generally recognised tech-

nicals of the science. We leave to others the making of such changes, if needed.

The organ in view has doubtless a more extensive operation than has been assigned it above. Some suppose its primary function not to be simple and general belief, but that to which we shall soon refer. The Messieurs Fowler seem to be of this opinion. Mr. Combe differs from all others, as far as we are acquainted with publications. We commend the above authors, and others also, to perusal. The reader will be much interested in the accounts of marvellous visions supposed to be seen by those possessing the organ uncommonly large. They present, also, much other interesting matter respecting the operation of the faculty. In regard to its character of Wonder or Marvellousness, we shall omit very particularly to speak, and refer the reader to others. Sidney Smith offers some speculations which we would also recommend to attention.

We now proceed to a peculiarly important aspect of the subject. The faculty ap-

pertains in a special manner to man's religious nature. It grasps and holds fast those great spiritual truths which bring to view the Creator and the eternal world. Hence we find its location in the vicinity of Veneration, and touching also on Hope, an organ which is yet to be considered. But when Belief is large, and unbalanced by Causality and Comparison, it will, of course, hold as true, absolute absurdities in religious opinion. Then, again, a person having Belief uncommonly diminutive, with some other particular organs also deficient, will deem as absurd, ideas which are solemnly true and of infinite consequence. It is important that it should be clearly understood, that it is only when the Reflective, and the Moral and Religious faculties are developed somewhat equally, that there is the clearest and surest apprehension of Divine truth. A just self-knowledge in respect to excessive or deficient development of the several organs would be of unspeakable use to contentious sects, and also to inveterate and contemptuous Infidelity. How long, how long shall

it be before Phrenology's reconciling voice shall be heard!

But to proceed. It is through this organ that the soul exercises what is termed Faith; not a simple reception of truth to credence, but that forth-reaching of the spirit, by which religious truth is not only taken in, but is felt and absorbed, as it were, into the inner being, as a nourishment and a life-giving energy. So powerful is the action of this faculty in some, that Faith seems to penetrate the very world invisible, and obtain a sort of insight of things there, of which inferior endowments have no possible conception. This insight may be like looking through a glass darkly; yet it is quite possible, to say the least, that there *are* sights of sublime and holy truth in the shadowy distance.

This faculty and Veneration, in their highest functions, operate towards the Divine Being. We apprehend that he has established a law by which, when these are developed to a certain extent, and exercised with a certain intensity, he will vouchsafe the communion of his own Holy Spirit to

the seeker ; that these faculties are the established medium of spiritual influences. If this be the truth, let these faculties, and especially their heaven-ward law, be understood with a clear conviction, and how instant, earnest, and unceasing would be prayer ! How would Regeneration come heralding to the soul, and then the kingdom of God take holy, joyous possession !

We urge upon Christian teachers and professors the study of Phrenology. It will not only mightily confirm and vitalize their faith, but it will also mightily deepen and widen their charity, which, man-ward, is even greater than faith. Some fear that this science will harm Religion. Harm Religion ! As well may it be feared that Astronomy will dim the sun, and shake the stars from their spheres. As the one science defines the distances, dimensions, and orbits of these luminaries—even tracks the startling comet in its eccentric range, so the other, in a similar manner, observes the creations, harmonies, and glories in the firmament of moral and religious truth. Not that it sees

all, or comparatively much, which lives and glows in the spiritual immense, but enough to make Contemplation adore and love with a sublime comprehensiveness as well as an intense fervency. Not, moreover, that Revelation is at all set aside or lost sight of; oh no; Christianity still abides, a Divine centre in the vast plan of providences, around which all the soul's powers are harmoniously to revolve, even as the starry systems turn on some fast axis in the measureless profound, making music in their spheres. If "the undevout astronomer is mad," how much more so must be the phrenologist undevout!

LETTER XXXVII.

A CHEERER.

SHOULD any feeling have an organ of its own, surely Hope ought, it is so important an element in human happiness. As well might birds be without wings, or the tumultuous world without a calm, starlit sky above it, as life without Hope.

Each faculty has a tendency and a desire of its own, but the anticipation that this desire will be gratified comes from another quarter.

The organ of Hope is placed high and centrally on the head, having reference to the action of the many other faculties around and beneath, and, from its high position, catching bright glimpses, as it were, of the natural results of their operations.

But Hope seems to have particular connexion with man's highest and best nature.

It is placed each side of Veneration, and back of Belief, and joining upon it. It is also in nearly a direct line with Causality. This affords certain subjects to Belief, from which Hope receives them, and refers them, by the aid of Time, to the future.

By the connexion of this sentiment with Veneration, it would seem to have special reference to the Most High object of veneration and Source of all good. Then Conscientiousness is directly back and adjoining, pointing it to action in respect to what is just and consistent with the will of the Most Holy.

Behold, now, these helping organs to Virtue and Religion: Benevolence or Charity, Faith, Hope, and Conscientiousness, all standing round their heaven-ward guide, Veneration; all looking from this temple on earth not made with hands, to the temple not made with hands in the heavens. Is it a wonder that the religious exercises of the virtuous and devout are so ecstatic, when so many faculties co-operate, and are, as it were, glorified by their highest and

most glorious direction? Is it strange that Mirthfulness, below, should then burst into a sacred joy, and inspire contiguous Tune with psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs? Of all men, the phrenologist has most reason to exclaim, in the solemn eloquence of Scripture, "Fearfully and wonderfully am I made!"

LETTER XXXVIII.

NOTHING BUT WORDS.

WITH a single exception, we close our account of the special faculties and their organs by the consideration of one, without the aid of which all the rest would stand, as it were, in dumb show. Those made to advance would halt by the way, or limp but slowly and sadly on, and attain to but a small portion of the dignity and enjoyment to which they are destined. We refer to the faculty of Language, the power of communicating thoughts, feelings, and desires, and of receiving from others a communication of the same.

There are, indeed, silent animal signs, through which all the manifold nature is expressed, but these are comparatively of feeble effect and of poor worth. With what tenderness and what power, with what beau-

ty and what grandeur, the soul stands up and proclaims itself through civilized speech! How wonderfully has the Creator made the great, still atmosphere and the noiseless light to be swiftest messengers from man to man, from nation to nation, from age to age! Yea, they are as mighty angels ascending and descending between earth and heaven, bearing our petitions and our praises to God, and bringing back his promise and benediction. Can the power of syllabbling sounds to the ear and letters to the eye be altogether referred to any of the faculties before considered? Phrenological discovery and well-attested fact say No. The organ of Language is proved to the conviction of all who will but examine.

Let us see with what perfect order and appropriateness it is located. It is just behind the eye, the medium through which written signs are presented to the mind. It is on a range with the ear, the avenue through which signs by sounds are conveyed. It is just above and in the vicinity of the mouth and its curious instruments and

conformations, the machinery by which sound is transformed into intelligible speech. Thus, Propensities and Sentiments, Perceptives and Reflectives, put forth and take in the elements of growth, expand into wider action, and glow with more intense enjoyment.

This organ is classed scientifically among the Perceptives ; but referring, as it does, to all the other faculties—to the whole man in his past, present, and future relations, we mention it nearly at the conclusion of the list. Besides, its peculiar position particularly and strikingly adds to that array of circumstantial evidence which prejudice cannot gainsay and candour will not contradict.

One of the most striking illustrations of language by external development is our interesting visiter, Dickens. What lustrous, beautiful eyes ! exclaim the ladies. It seems almost as if they would steal them for gemmirrors, could they get them out with all their life and light ; at any rate, their glances at Boz are often most suspiciously fur-

tive. But, no doubt, the image of many a fair one will be pictured on the memory-mirror behind those splendid optics; and some, it may be, will have the pleasure of beholding themselves reflected immortal from his pellucid page. But his organ of language we were intending to speak of: how it protrudes, giving to his eye that fulness by which their expression seems to leap into your very face, and distil through into your soul.

It is his power of language—the ease with which he finds a word for every idea, and keeps ideas and words ever in junction, which gives him a peculiar ability of which we have heard. He will make an extemporaneous speech, gushing, all sparkling, right from the fount of feeling, and then he will dictate that same speech three days afterward to an amanuensis, word for word, as it came unpremeditated from his lips, so retentive is his grasp upon words when once taken hold of by his organ.

But alas! for the poor wight who has language out of all proportion to the other fac-

ulties above ; whose eyes shoot forward at such a rate that the rest of the organ-company, poor puny things ! are left lagging far away behind. Such people ought certainly to study Phrenology, in order to know themselves and take care of their overgrown organ ; they had better hold their clackers with both hands against the pushes of the importunate words above, rather than tire patience to death and turn friendship into disgust—as they sometimes do.

One can stand the combativeness of thundering controversy, or the destructiveness of sarcasm, for his own corresponding faculties may be roused into glowing and somewhat agreeable action ; at least there is a self-complacency in knowing that he is of consequence enough to be a mark. But to be exposed to a visitation of words, nothing *but* words—this is a patience-tryer. It is like an August fog—a steamy, almost stifling envelopment you cannot escape. There is nothing to combat ; you receive no impulse ; you can do nothing but stand and take its drench till it shall choose to go

away. To a thinking man with an active temperament, the most uncomfortable of all fogs is the speech-fog.

Some of those Congressional jars spoken of in our list of evils let out even more of this distressful vapour than they do wind; insufferably bad air, making Business faint quite away. An economical people should instruct their representatives to pass an anti-fogmatic resolution at the commencement of every session. The thousands thus saved might be appropriated to the "Diffusion of Knowledge among men"—who are sent to Congress without knowing for what.

LETTER XXXIX.

ONWARD, STILL ONWARD, EVERMORE.

WE shall now consider a faculty which has probably exercised more influence in the progress of mankind than any other. So interesting and transcendent is its vocation, that we close with it our account.

Man comes into the world one of the most unable creatures that have breath. He can do nothing well but feed, cry, and make others take care of him. But by-and-by he becomes a doer in earnest, and prides himself on his progress at doing. He does not stop at beginnings. Look at a little fellow whittling a stick : he can make chips, and that is all. But wait a while ; that little chipper becomes the manufacturer of elegant furniture, or instruments of the most delicate fineness, vying with perfect Nature herself ; or he is the distinguished architect of temples and capitols, the pride of a land.

There is miss with her scissors—the little slasher! What a difference between this rag-maker and the same being grown up into the artist, fashioning the attire with which woman rivals the flowers and the rainbow in grace!

A little boy is seen scrawling with coal upon the hearth, with chalk upon the walls, or scratching with an old nail. He is bungling at the shape of the human head, and his mother may be scolding him for “marking up everything so.” But in a few years people are seen gathered around a splendid picture, it may be of a distinguished personage: the form seems to stand out from the canvass, almost ready to move forward and to speak, so perfect is the illusion. Or it may be a landscape which attracts: there are walls, trees, animals, waters, mountains, skies—just like reality, on that little space. Admirable! What skill! Whose is it? It is the work of that once-scolded hearth-scratcher.

A few years ago, a certain youth at Harvard College was much more fond of fin-

gering with clay, mortar, blocks of wood, and plaster of Paris than with lexicons. He was trying to mould and carve the shapes of his acquaintances out of the materials, and rudely enough too, it may be. At any rate, when in boyhood, farther back, he began this sort of play-work, his images could not have been much like anything but themselves. Possibly, Alma Mater knit her old gray brows, and scolded the lad for not using the right sort of manuals. His classic taste, too, did not suit her, as it was not for the inside, but the outside of ancient heads. But what cared he, so he fingered, and penknived, and chiselled away? Well, this same college-boy not long ago was employed by the national government to make the Father of our Country, as it were, live again in the grandeur and glory of sculpture. It is from his skill that Washington now sits majestic in marble at the Capitol.

Now the question is, What enables the artist so to labour on and on, and grow and grow, from his rude beginning to such wonderful perfection?

The lower animals do not so improve. They arrive at a certain point, and there they are fastened. Some men, also, seem to have but little of this capacity for advancement. Phrenology has discovered the organ of a faculty which is a sort of angel-guide and cheerer to the artist. It enables him to place before his mind's eye the *Idea* of something more perfect than he has yet accomplished. It says, Go on; mount up to this loftier attainment; equal all that has been done by others; excel them if you can. It is named Ideality. Now just mark the position of the organ. It is situated above, and a little back of Constructiveness, and, as some suppose, touching it. At any rate, it is sufficiently near to prompt Tool-Tact to diligence and progress in its art. It is in the vicinity of Imitation, on the other side, which it also impels to strive for the perfect equalling of a model. It joins directly on Wonder or Belief. This last aids Ideality to hold the image of its aspiration in conception with distinctness and tenacity, making it appear almost a visible

reality outside the brain rather than an idea within it. Belief, also, may be supposed to operate in the way of an inspiring Faith, that the lofty aim must be and shall be accomplished.

Again, Ideality is in the neighbourhood of Hope : this buoyantly cheers on the aspirant by vouchsafing bright glimpses of a beautiful completion.

In reference to the functions of the organ as now described, Grimes terms it Perfectiveness.

It may be well to remark, in passing, that Ideality alone, and even together with its last-mentioned associates, will not make the accomplished artist. Several of the perceptive powers, co-operating with Constructiveness and Imitation, are the primal elements of the genius which Ideality and its handmaids are commissioned to lead upward.

Ideality, however, is exercised not only by the artist, but by the user of his productions. Combined with strong perceptive powers, it refines the taste, and affords an

exquisite perception and enjoyment of the beautiful. You will now and then observe it shine forth delightfully in common life. Tasteful, perhaps splendid apparel is coveted—at least neatness is sought : dwellings, too, must make some show of architecture and of agreeable appurtenances. We know of some who reside in a little low cot, a very martin-box for size ; but they have the perfective and beauty-loving principle, and they make a palace in miniature of their humble abode. Domicil and fence are neatly painted ; verdant sward carpets the yard ; and foliaged shrubbery shoots above, and flowering plants peep out here and there, or line the walk with their charms. Possibly, graceful young trees are beginning to overarch this little space of beauty with spreading magnificence. Go inside those inviting doors, and you find everything as neat and as tastefully arranged as a jeweller's box. You almost feel that you want your very best clothes on to look into the kitchen. It is Ideality which helps the Perceptives to these cheap and delightful embellishments.

Would that it more frequently prevailed in our little villages and on our rural homesteads!

We must now be permitted to exhibit a contrast, for we would like to jog and wake up dormant faculties as we pass, or, at least, pronounce their epitaph if they are dead. There is another house, much larger than that martin-box of a cot; the owner is quite well off—even rich. But just look at that house, if your eyes can stand it a moment: outside, it presents about as much comeliness as an old shoe flung away along the road; the inside—if you will not enter, we will inform you—is about as inviting as that same old shoe filled with dust and cobwebs, and inhabited by “critters.” Let us go along now.

Ideality has somewhat to do with the great enterprises of improvement in the country. Patriotic projectors must have it large; it is so in the portrait of De Witt Clinton, at this very moment present to our view. How his soul must have glowed while he taught the Empire State to belt

her greatness with the water, and jewel it with commerce! It was Ideality which helped pioneer for the smooth ways by which fire-souled Speed now rushes through the very hills.

But we must leave this angel of the perfect to her glorious forthgoings, while we note those human fixtures on the earth who never look above their own sordid fingers nor beyond their own hobbling toes. There they are, fast in the mud, yea, in the very holes made by their grandfathers' old worn-out boots; and there they will stick, unless they should happen to look up as prosperous Enterprise glides along, and are tickled out by the chance of clinging to his skirts.

Then there are your legislators—the copper-counters, we now mean: they reckon by this sort of coin, because of an innate adaptation to it. They prefer to abuse time and burden space by their tardy, round-about tug-along, for the surpassingly wise reason that it will cost them and their constituents three cents, three quarters, and three

mills apiece just now in order to go faster and quicker, and save millions of expense by-and-by and for evermore. But hold! let us be understood: when Ideality dashes on without Calculation and Conscientiousness in her company, and borrows and buys, and then leaves the lender, and possibly the seller, in the lurch of loss, and finally, midway, tumbles down, lost, into a gravel-pit, never to get out, or at least not soon—then we have nothing to say for her.

This allusion to the occasional misbehaviour of our airy faculty puts us in mind of other instances of its perverted action. Some people possess it large, but with the excess of Acquisitiveness and a deficiency in Justice, it may be, and they are amazingly benevolent in making others benevolent. They keep their mouths open, and their eloquence gushing out like a water-spout, but their own money is as close in the pocket as their little hearts are under the muscle.

Others, with Ideality, but lacking moral balance, imagine Philanthropy to be a sweet, pretty thing. They wonder how people

can be so unsympathetic. Look, what tears! hark, what sighs! They are dying with compassion—amid a luxurious home, with the last new novel, all clean except for those pity-drops, in their lily and jewelled fingers.

Then there is the Ideality that goes on her good-doing, or thinks she goes, without taking Common Sense in company. Perhaps she was never acquainted with that venerable sage, and knew not where to look for him. So she runs, she leaps, she flies, she soars away to the very stars in speculation, but alights not on a single twig of specific and feasible good. Howard, with his Ideality, just trudged along with some old rusty keys at his side, and found the very thing he was after, and did the very thing he desired. We might mention other glorious examples had we time and space; but they are already known, if not followed.

Again, there is that more ordinary Ideality which shows itself in conversation, much to the annoyance of good taste and common sense. In this case there is a power

of words and a poverty of intellect, and so the prodigal will crush the puny shoots of thought all down with the gaudery of flowers; indeed, it is all blooms without stalk or stem: O, so exquisitely exquisite! Perhaps it will get into the grand; then what rainbows, and sunsets, and stars, with no philosophy of conversational light and shade: or mount to the sublime, and it is thunders, tornadoes, volcanoes, and earthquakes at the cracking of a bank-bubble or marriage engagement.

This matter of conversation naturally brings us to the next and last field of Ideality, and its richest—Writing—that of eloquent prose and more glowing verse. We have not time now to touch on ordinary compositions. We speak of the works of lofty genius. With the intellectual powers strong, Ideality is the bold conductor to that mount of vision from which Genius surveys the beautiful, the grand, the glorious of universal matter and spirit. There she aids him to transfer to language what he discovers and would use. She assists him

to imbue all with perennial freshness from the fount of his own feeling soul. Nature is nature and life is life in his productions, but spiritualized from their grossness, like as images glassed in still waters. We hang over the brink of his mirroring page, and gaze and live, self-forgetting, in the illusion; and when forced away, wish that we could carry it all with us in a perpetual consciousness. When loveliest virtue makes a portion of these imaged scenes—as in Miss Sedgwick's *Redwood*, and some of her other works—then we return to our affairs with recollections that come into mind ever and anon, like angel visitants, to guide and cheer us on our heaven-ward way.

It is thus that Ideality, surrounded by her ready retinue of other faculties, takes the name of Genius. Genius! blessed, glorious gift to the few; those few themselves blessed, glorious gifts to the many; for they, as with a divine potency, bring out, nay, almost create, similar principles, though far inferior, in the more ordinary mind. The eloquent writer, especially the poetic,

to quote from one of those prophets of vision, leads myriads to his mount, and gives them to see and feel that

“The world is full of poetry : the air
Is living with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim the
Unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies too perfect and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty and unyielding power.”*

No class of men present more striking outward evidences of the truths of Phrenology than the possessors of strong Ideality ; the organ is unfailingly protuberant on their heads, visible to all who know where to cast the eye. The busts and portraits of ancient artists, poets, and orators are most distinctly marked thereby. All the great moderns, too, are thus denoted. England's greatest geniuses, Shakspeare and Milton, are wonders for the visible organ. In our

* Percival.

own country, look at Channing, Bryant, Irving, and Cooper, all distinguished in different departments, but glowing with the same principle, and you will find the same corresponding development. Another instance, because he is present, and attracting general attention—Charles Dickens. Observe his living head, as we have, or his portrait, and note how his forehead rounds out at the side with a noble amplitude—a very palace wherein the bright angel of his genius may watchful sit, and wherefrom she infuses her inspirations into his whole soul, and thence her influences upon his million readers.

We must yet add a few words more to our prolonged description. We apprehend that the most important function of the organ has not yet been named. All cannot be artists or authors. To relish the beautiful and grand in the arts or in Nature is not the highest end of being. Man is placed in this world to develop all his intellectual and moral powers preparatory to a higher state of existence. The Perfective principle, as

an element in humanity, must have reference to the general improvement of the immortal nature. Ideality is placed midway between the frontal and coronal regions, to operate as a prompter to both.

The Intellect is intended to grasp at all objects, qualities, relations, events, connexions, and dependencies that may be made the proper subjects of its power. It is to transmute the earth and the heavens into immaterial imagery, to a spiritual existence in the infinitely-growing capaciousness of memory.

Above is the crowning excellence of the sentiments. These are to be put forth more and more in all that is widely generous and minutely sympathetic, threading out in tender sensibilities in every direction, and weaving all created intelligences into one vast fabric of blessed affection.

Next, there are the altar-organs of Religion. From these are to ascend filial gratitude, humble adoration, and perfect love to the Father universal and supreme, catching his holy influence, and interfusing the created and the Creator, spirit with spirit.

Lastly, there is Conscience, God's vicegerent in the soul, sitting upon her divinely-erected throne and judgment-seat. It is her duty to watch the exercises of all the faculties, to prompt them to due action, and regulate them to due proportion. She is to adjust and finish all into that "beauty of holiness" which images the Most High.

But, as yet, how far is man from such perfection! We apprehend that the greatest and highest vocation of Ideality is to aid him towards this mark of his high calling. This mark is now but indistinctly discerned by most, or not at all. But when the soul shall be understood and centred amid all the best forces of philosophical and Christian education, Ideality will be put to her legitimate vocation, and perform her last best work. Faith will hold the Divine ideal in distinct and constant vision, while this Perfective principle will stimulate on and on to the attainment of the glorious end. Hope will do her cheering duty, sweetening effort with anticipation. Conscience, the overruler, herself shall be also subject to the

quickenings. As new relations between being and being shall be unfolded in the everlasting progress, she shall be developed to embrace and discern all with a perfect comprehensiveness and discrimination. Thus Ideality, in her central and commanding station, exercises a forth-putting, up-shooting impulse to whatever tends to good: a Divine instinct for the perpetual and holy aggrandizement of the soul towards the glory of God.

X

LETTER XL.

REASONS WHY PHRENOLOGY IS LIKELY TO BE
TRUE.

WE have now gone over the several faculties of the mind, as discovered and generally acknowledged by phrenologists. Now let us ask, Is there not a most remarkable adaptation of faculties to the known objects, qualities, and relations of external nature, and also to the several relations of human life? Farther, does not the arrangement of the organs of the brain indicate a wisdom more than human? Is there to be found, on the earth or in the heavens, an order more perfect?

If this order be not one established by the Creator, but is the invention of man, the genius that could invent it would be greater than the world has seen yet. This grouping of Propensities, Intellectual faculties, and Sentiments in the part of the head

most appropriate, as respects convenience and dignity of function—just think of it. Not only so, but the position of each member of the group in relation to each other member—is it not wonderful? The genius might as well have been found who could invent the system of the heavenly spheres prior to the discoveries of Philosophy, as the genius capable of inventing Phrenology.

Again, this division of the brain into several distinct organs, each having its function, most perfectly corresponds with the other arrangements of the human frame. Each different and entirely distinct operation is performed by a different and entirely distinct instrument: for instance, the ear hears, the eye sees, the nose smells, the tongue tastes. Each has but one function. Now there is as much difference between a thought and a feeling, and, indeed, between two distinct feelings, as there is between a sound and a smell; indeed, you might as well hear and smell both with the nose, as feel love and anger with the same portions of the brain.

But there are still minuter analogies, which cannot but deepen our convictions of the reasonableness and truth of Phrenology. Look at the nerves, those fine and almost invisible strings that run from all the different parts of the body up into the brain, and help us do this, that, and the other. Their number, and their separate and distinct functions, are remarkable. We instance a little. There runs from the tongue one nerve to move the tongue, another to taste with, and a third to communicate the feeling of pain, should the tongue be bitten in eating, or anything else be the matter. So in regard to other parts of the body—the arm, for instance: one nerve gives motion, another touch, another pain. There are numerous similar examples, but we have enough. Now there is as much difference between a perception of the colour of a dollar and the desire to get it into possession, as there is between the motions and the tasting of the tongue, or the movement and the feeling of the limb. In all candour, then, is not this division of brain in perfect

conformity with the arrangements of the rest of the body ?

Let us for a moment consider some of the mental operations as taking place one after another, and then continuing together, and see whether the view will naturally favour or oppose the old notions about the brain.

We will suppose the case, for the present, that the brain is but one organ, and is exercised as a whole in each act of the mind. Imagine yourself passing the street during an exceedingly dark night. You hit your foot against some object, you know not what : you here have the idea of an individual object, and your whole brain is exercised in conveying this idea to your mind. You stoop and feel along the object with your hands, and you find it to have the shape of a man : here is another idea, that of figure. You then endeavour to lift the person up : you now have weight. Then, as you move your hands along his frame, you perceive it to be quite large : here comes size. By the light of an approaching carriage, you perceive the face and complexion : now

you have colour. Directly blood is seen streaming from a wound: you now feel lively compassion. You have him placed in the carriage and conveyed to your residence, and there he revives, and at length turns out to be one of the most distinguished men of the country. A new feeling now arises: respect, perhaps deep veneration for his character. He informs you that he was prostrated by a blow from a robber: you straightway are possessed with indignation. Suppose, now, at this moment, the cry should be raised that your house is on fire: you would now be excited by fear; and perhaps the idea of your children in bed in the third story also comes in, with an accompanying gush of the most tender love.

But we need go no farther in this imaginary case. In the first mental act the whole brain is exercised. In the second act nothing more can be used, and so on of each successive principle or feeling. By what instrument is each new act of the mind performed, when it took the whole brain to perform the first? and several of these acts

were still in continuance, although new ones successively took place. You perceive a sort of absurdity in this supposition of only one organ for all. You cannot but believe, we will venture to say, that the several mental phenomena, so different from each other, yet most of them in continuance at the same time, must have each its appropriate portion of the brain.

There is another consideration : the brain is an exceedingly delicate organ ; and how much sooner would it get wearied and worn out, if the whole of it were in exercise during every feeling and idea !

It may be observed, moreover, that it is a fact, that when the attention is fatigued with a particular subject of thought, you may pursue a different subject as with fresh powers. Hence the inference that other and different powers are now exercised. It is said that one of the most learned men of the age, Edward Everett, accomplished his remarkable attainments by thus varying his pursuits, and relieving his brain thereby.

There is another evidence of phrenologi-

cal truth in insanity. There are numerous instances of individuals being deranged in relation to one subject, and sane on every other. The multiplicity and difference of organs most clearly explain how this is, without any additional words.

There are cases, too, in which notorious idiots have manifested peculiar mental power in certain directions; for instance, in ability to construct. We knew one who could take a watch to pieces and put it together again as well as a watchmaker. He could also skilfully use tools in some kinds of wooden manufacture. He had the organ of Constructiveness very large, which accounts for his talent.

Dreams, that seem partially rational, can be accounted for only on the supposition that there are several organs, part of them being active while the rest are asleep.

Again: in the early development of the human mind, some powers appear earlier than others: for instance, a child has perception as soon as he opens his eyes, and is continually getting a knowledge of things

and their qualities. But he does not reason to any considerable extent till much later. Now it is a fact which any one may observe, that the lower portion of the head, where the Perceptive organs are said to be, is generally largest in children, and the Reflective portion grows in dimension with increasing years. These facts perfectly correspond with our theory of the brain.

It is a fact, that the less civilized portion of mankind are deficient in the Reflective organs as designated by Phrenology. If you doubt, look at the Indian or ignorant negro.

What is termed genius is another striking proof. This remarkable predisposition to Poetry, Painting, Music, Mathematics, &c., is most clearly accounted for under the supposition of an uncommon development of appropriate organs. And it is a fact, which may be observed any day in company with a person of such peculiar turn and power of mind, that he has an external development of head corresponding to his internal peculiarity.

One more fact. People have a memory

for different particulars: one may easily recollect facts; another stories; another places; another is extraordinary at committing and reciting words. This is perfectly accounted for by the theory of predominant faculties and organs, according to the talents of each.

Say, now, good friends, are not the above rather striking reasons why Phrenology is likely to be true?

P.S.—There are some people whose whole brain seems truly to be but one organ, through which is exercised just one feeling—that of Prejudice. They seem to think that “Wisdom will die with them.” No doubt she would, if she should ever try to live with them. They could not possibly take her in for lack of apartments.

LETTER XLI.

SIZE OF THE HEAD.—OUR GREAT MEN.

THE manifestations of mental power depend particularly on two conditions, which are important to be mentioned. The first is the size of the brain; of this we shall speak in the present letter. We have already intimated that the strength of a special faculty is in proportion to the dimensions of the organ through which it is exercised. We have given illustrations to this effect quite numerous through our work. You remember that it was in consequence of the extraordinary development of particular powers that the discoveries of Phrenology have been made; the first case being that of Language, causing an uncommon prominence of the eye.

Besides individual faculties, it is now established that the strength of mind, as a

whole, is in proportion to the size of the brain, as a whole. The largest head exercises the greatest mental power, other conditions being equal. This is agreeable to common observation. The mind of a child is weak, and all know the smallness of its brain. Idiots invariably have small heads, unless there is an enlargement from disease. It is a fact, moreover, that nations with inferior brains have inferior intellectual power, and are easily subjected to those with larger heads. A few Europeans can keep in subjection millions of Hindoos.

Again, individual men who have been celebrated for their extraordinary energies, possessed uncommonly large heads, such as Washington, Franklin, Bonaparte, Cuvier. We happen to possess the means of illustrating this fact by our own distinguished countrymen. A few years ago, the late Dr. Lovell, surgeon-general of the U. S. army, measured the heads of more than fifty distinguished individuals, and found them generally to be much above the medium standard. These measurements were stated in

figures, and published. An individual with the initials S. G. H. gave an amusing commentary on Dr. Lovell's document, in the American Monthly Magazine at New-York, number for April, 1838. This was also partly republished in Fowler's Phrenological Journal, vol. i. "The Heads of our Great Men" is the title of the article. We refer the reader to it as peculiarly instructive and amusing. It will appear therefrom that J. Q. Adams, Calhoun, Clay, Van Buren, Judge Marshall, Wirt, Woodbury, Webster, Southard, Judge M'Lean, and others, exhibit heads with a superiority of size proportionate to their known superiority of talent.

But go into Fowler's room in New-York, and look at the numerous casts, and witness with your own eyes how general dimensions and particular development are perfectly conformable to acknowledged character; or go into any other Phrenological Repository, and you will find the same demonstrations. There is one in Boston, 96 Washington-street. The good people of that city will

find notions there from many nations. That multitude of images will not hurt them. They are not ghosts, if they do look so ghastly. They are as still as sleep in meeting-time, and have the singular faculty of speaking the truth without making any noise. They might possibly convince the visiter that he or she owns, if not *tends*, a "Curiosity Shop," which beats that of Boz, or of antiquary Burnham all to emptiness. We now and then look into the Literary Emporium, and must aver before the nation that there are many capital "signs" out, which by far outdo painted pine, and even the ingenious newspaper, in strength of advertisement.

Mr. Combe, in his *Journal of Travels*, pronounces quite a panegyric on the Boston heads. As the owners thereof pride themselves on being uncommonly independent, candid, and earnest in seeking the truth, we trust that they will look sharp *after* this foreigner, and see whether he speaks it about their brains.

By-the-way, we will close this letter with

an instructive extract from this same Mr. Combe's Phrenology :

“ In our infancy we have all been delighted with the fable of the old man who showed his sons a bundle of rods, and pointed out to them how easy it was to snap one asunder, and how difficult to break the whole. The principle involved in this simple story pervades all material substances ; for example, a muscle is composed of a number of fleshy fibres, and hence it follows that each muscle will be strong in proportion to the number of fibres which enter into its composition. If nerves be composed of parts, a nerve which is composed of twenty parts must be more vigorous than one which consists of only one. To render this principle universally true, however, one condition must be observed, namely, that all the parts compared with each other, or with the whole, shall be of the same quality : for example, if the old man in the fable had presented ten twigs of wood tied up in a bundle, and desired his sons to observe how much more difficult it was to break ten than

to sever one ; and if his sons, in refutation of this assertion, had presented him with a rod of iron of the same thickness as one twig, and said that it was as difficult to break that iron rod, although single, as his whole bundle of twigs, although tenfold, the answer would have been obvious, that the things compared differed in kind and quality, and that if he took ten *iron* rods and tried to break them, the difficulty would be as great, compared with that of severing one, as the task of breaking ten twigs of wood compared with that of breaking one. In like manner, nerves, muscles, brain, and all other parts of the body may be sound or they may be diseased ; they may be of a fine structure or a coarse structure ; they may be old or young ; they may be almost dissolved by the burning heat of a tropical sun, or nearly frozen under the influence of an arctic winter ; and it would be altogether irrational to expect the influence of size to stand forth as a fixed energy, overruling all circumstances, and producing effects constantly equal. The strength of iron itself, and

adamantine rock, depends on temperature ; for either will melt with a certain degree of heat, and at a still higher point they will be dissipated into vapour. The true principle, then, is, that—constitution, health, and outward circumstances being the same—a large muscle or large nerve composed of numerous fibres, will act with more force than a small one comprehending few.”

Y 2

LETTER XLII.

FAT, BLOOD, FIBRE, NERVE.

THE other circumstance materially affecting mental manifestations is what is called TEMPERAMENT. This is supposed to result from the predominance of one set of bodily organs over other sets. This peculiar predominance influences the quality of the brain for better or worse. It is established that a large head with a poor temperament may be equalled in mental power by a smaller head with a different temperament. This is a comfortable doctrine to many, so we trust they will examine and find out what sort of constitutions they possess in this respect. There is not so much difference between some of the bigs and some of the littles as might be supposed. So Size need not mount in self-esteem, or swell with vanity in all his comparisons with a

neighbour quantity. A bee knows about as much, and can do as wonderful things as some birds, and rather more ; but, then, mind you, it is the honey-maker, which, notwithstanding his littleness, excels the fowls of heaven : a house-fly or a grasshopper could not possibly do it. So among men : there must be a peculiar construction of things in a smaller cranium and in the body beneath it, to produce an equality with a more bulky system. This construction consists mostly in an uncommonly fine temperament.

But we will proceed methodically to our subject. Temperaments have been divided into four kinds. First, there is the Phlegmatic. People with this tend to much roundness of person and superfluity of fat. They are heavy, slow people, whom thunder will not start ; and lightning might go through them without touching a nerve, or hurting them much, such is their obesity. The stomach and the machinery below are out of proportion to the works above. Alimentiveness is their monarch-organ. They

have a genius for good living and for going to sleep. But with a large head, as some of this character have, they are, notwithstanding, powerful to do—slow in movement, but mighty in momentum. This, or something like it, is the doctrine of most books.

But some are bold to differ. Sidney Smith, that new Scotch chieftain at Phrenology, will not believe a word about it. Were he a Dutchman, we should incline to think that he had some personal and selfish reasons for his heresy. He avers that fat is not the sign of a lymphatic temperament; that some of the most active-minded men of the world were fat; for instance, Gibbon the historian, and Bonaparte in his latter days. All must confess that it was not a genius for luxury, laziness, or much sleep, that transformed the once "Little Corporal" into obese dimensions. Byron, moreover, had an unctuous tendency; and, surely, a strange lymphatic was he. We might as well be told that lightning goes floundering through cloud, as that stomach

and abdomen absorbed that electrical spirit. We might add, that some of the most energetic, lively, even restless characters we know, are remarkable for bulk and bulge; and, judging from motions of muscle and emotions of mind, we should sooner think of there being almost anything beneath their rotundity than this lymphatic argument—fat. But fat there certainly must be, or there is a cushion-stuff which Physiology knows nothing about.

But, no doubt, there are some people of this character of body who are lymphatic enough—all sluggishness and sleep, almost provoking others to roll them out of the way like casks of obesity that are not alive. We advise such to stir up and get out of the way; to struggle with all their might against their unfortunate constitutions, and make a swift rotatory application themselves. The greater the credit of the mind, the heavier and deader the weight it runs with.

But we have cleaved quite too long to this subject: if it has been from the attrac-

tion of gravitation, we will now try to break away, and get above it, to another temperament of a higher order, called the Sanguine. In the possessors of this, the heart and the lungs predominate. They make prodigious use of the atmosphere: their blood leaps like cataracts through its channels. They generally have blue—at any rate, bright eyes and ruby faces. They are great geniuses at not sitting still: action, action is what they want. A boy with this temperament cannot bear to be made right angles of by a schoolbench. Spelling-books and grammars are his disgust. The way he likes to study Geography is practically, with his feet. The map he wants is the real earth. The master may kick him and welcome, if it is only out of his stupid realm into the open air. Put him upon Natural History; but, little Nimrod that he is, the science must be in the way of hunting the squirrel, not dissecting it. It will be something similar when he shall be a man. Business, not books, his sanguineous machinery was made for; so let it be put to its right and best use.

Next we have the Bilious temperament, or Fibrous, as some name it. This belongs to people in whom fat could no more stick than it could in a furnace. It would melt and run away as soon as it should get among their muscles. Their very blood seems a sort of lava; at any rate, it does not show its crimson through their skins. They are dark-looking men. Their sinews seem to be of welded iron, and their faces are all full of angles, crooks, cramps, and crinkles. They look as if Time had set, not his years, but his hours, with their tiny mallets and chisels, to make all sorts of curious carvings upon their countenances, and this without hurting them. These are the men who work at head-work or body-work without scarce getting tired or needing sleep, as other men do. Lord Brougham is said to be one of this sort. He can speechify all night in Parliament, or be awake and ready to do it; then go home, and spend the next day, Vulcan-like, forging a thunderbolt of criticism to launch off in the stormy periodical, killing some poor wight, or, at least,

startling the very realm with the explosion; spend another night in Parliament, and, after all this, get his stuff and tools ready for another thunderbolt before going to sleep.

John C. Calhoun, of our country, looks somewhat like such a character, as he is seen at his post in the Senate; the Champion of the South, angular, dark, and stern, as if hardened outside into leather by that sun which put the fervours within him. He is certainly long-enduring at some sorts of work. He will take his own Carolina in his bosom, the other under his arm, and some half dozen sister states in his pockets, and fight the Northern cotton-mills till down they would go, were it not for that tough tariff-screen first to be broken through to get fairly at the spinning-jennies. When Merrimac River gets tired, or becomes ice in summer-time, then will this bilious Southerner get tired of the contest, and the strong, sweeping current of his spirit be frozen up, but hardly before.

The next and last is the Nervous temperament. It is so denominated because the

nerves preponderate over the grosser organization. Those possessing this have fine hair, and skins of gossamery texture, feeling to the quick the least harsh touch. They seem sensible of sharp corners in the very atoms of matter, which to common constitutions are round and harmless. These are those whom the poet says "die of a rose in aromatic pain." Their pains are intense, their pleasures exquisite, and rapidly exhaust the system they thrill through. With a brain of inferior size, this is supposed to possess a mental power which other temperaments could not equal without much larger dimensions. But there is a fragility proportioned to delicacy of structure. People of this character are not made to struggle with the turbulent elements of life. What a difference between your abdominal trencherites and these! They do not live by feeding, but by tasting and looking at their aliment. Then their lungs are not of the leathern fabric, bellows-like, as with the sanguineous, blowing the oxygen through their systems with such force that it must

have vent in action. Their muscles, again, are not steel rods or welded chains, but poor filaments of flesh, almost as delicate as the very nerves of the fat dozers under the dominion of Alimentiveness.

With them the brain, that conglomeration of not much but nerves, is the master, and perhaps the tyrant, over all the rest of the body. With a certain combination of organs, the Nervites are amazing geniuses in literature. How they will dart out the electricities of thought, and shed the sudden showers of feeling, and then hold up again like an April day! Their brain-weather does not generally last long at a time. It is remarkable, moreover, that when there is considerable prominence just above and back of the ears, there are likely to be gusts not very literary.

We have described the four temperaments as they are supposed to exist in distinct purity. But they are seldom found in this condition; they are generally mingled one with another in different proportions, giving an infinite variety to character. Were

it not so, there would be two classes of human nature truly to be pitied, viz., the lymphatic clods prone beneath the two next and in their way, and the nervous electricities darting about high above all the rest, incalculable and unmanageable to anybody else, and an uncontrollable mystery even to themselves.

This matter of temperament is an important element in the constitution of genius. When the proportions are just right, and the proper organs are predominant, and the whole brain besides is large, then the possessor is one of the Powers of Light. Bryant's temperament does as much, probably, in making the first poet of America, as his Ideality, Comparison, and Language. But for farther philosophy on the subject, and on other circumstances that modify mental manifestation, we refer to other writers who exercise a scientific precision to which we do not pretend: our business is to bow and beckon, and smile the leisure wanderer up to our side, then show him the way and send him along.

LETTER XLIII.

SOMETHING NEW.

WE have omitted to describe a few organs which several phrenologists suppose they have discovered, but which are not mentioned in the treatises of others, at least, as well established. It is conjectured that there is an organ named Concentrativeness, immediately above Inhabitiveness, which confers the power of concentrating the action of the rest of the faculties to their respective ends, and holding them for a greater length of time to their duty.

It is thought, moreover, that just back of Ideality is a kindred organ, denominated Sublimity, which name sufficiently indicates its function. Mr. L. N. Fowler imagines that he has found certain faculties between the Reflectives beneath, and Benevolence and Imitation above. One of these he calls

the organ of Human Nature. Its function is to give an intuitive perception of the prevailing thoughts, feelings, and general character of others, so as to enable one to adapt himself thereto. The other he names Suavitiveness, as it imparts ease, grace, and agreeableness of manners.

But the new science of Human Magnetism is doing wonders, in not only confirming the past discoveries in Phrenology, but in making new ones. It completely verifies the suppositions relating to the organs just mentioned. It has been found by these magnetic experiments, that most of the organs exist in double pairs; one pair taking cognizance of one branch of the specific subject, and the other of another branch; for instance, one organ of Causality appertains to material objects, the other to metaphysical; one organ of Veneration is exercised towards man, the other towards God.

There is another circumstance peculiarly worthy of remark; it is this, viz., that the upper pair, or that situated in the nobler region of the head, is devoted to the most elevated

and refined division of the service. How strikingly analogous is this to the perfect and beautiful arrangements before exhibited! How does Creating Wisdom, when once perceived, give incontrovertible evidence of itself!

Let not the reader smile in faithlessness at the above announcements respecting Magnetism. Let him observe what many men of acute senses and unimpeachable integrity have clearly witnessed, and he also will wonderingly believe.

Most of the preceding letters were written before we had any certain convictions on the subject of magnetic influences as applied to Phrenology; but we have just had access to evidence we cannot gainsay or resist. We know *one* who has witnessed experiments which we will describe. We *know*, moreover, that he speaks the truth, as under the eye of the Judge of all truth.

Before proceeding with our account, it may be well to state, that the Rev. La Roy Sunderland, of New-York, as far as we know, was the first to apply *Magnetism*

to phrenological and scientific purposes.* His magnetic experiments, we learn, have been repeated with the most surprising and gratifying results during the past year, and, as he thinks, have demonstrated the following assumptions :

“1. That the magnetic forces not only pervade all matter, but that every living being has a peculiar magnetic nature.

“2. That these forces are the means of motion and sensation.

“3. That every mental and physical organ, and every muscle, has its corresponding magnetic poles.

“4. That the magnetic forces which act in the different organs terminate in the face, and by means of them the various expressions of Fear, Hope, Love, Anger, etc., are expressed in the countenance, and the muscles and limbs are made to obey the human will.

“5. That these organs may be *excited sep-*

* We have seen it stated that Dr. Buchanan, of Kentucky, has made some similar discoveries, but the particulars we are not able to state.

arately, or their action modified by Magnetism, as the condition of the patient may require.

“6. That this magnetic nature is governed by laws peculiar to itself, and may be communicated from one person to another.”

We shall have occasion to mention some of the new organs which have been brought to light by these experiments, as Mr. Sunderland has had the kindness to repeat a number of them on a blind lady, which we shall now briefly describe, as they were exhibited to the witness for his special gratification, and with particular reference to this work, then going through the press. There were four or five persons in the room besides the magnetizer, the subject, and the witness. The circumstances were such that there could be no possible collusion between the parties, or deception in any way; this we *know* for a certainty, the exhibitions were made at different sittings on different days; the experiments of the first day being repeated in different connexions and with

varying aspects on the second day, together with entirely new additions. The witness, it may be well to state, was put in magnetic communication with the subject, so as to converse as freely with her as if she had been in her natural and waking condition.

For the sake of method and clearness, we shall present the facts in the manner they occurred, but not in the order.

Phrenologists had previously discovered, as they thought, an organ connected with Adhesiveness, whose function is to create that attachment of sex to sex which is of a more refined and delicate character than physical love. They called it "Union for Life," appertaining to that exquisite tenderness and blending of soul with soul which should exist and be permanent in the marriage relation. Magnetism has confirmed this conjecture into truth beyond doubt. Mr. Sunderland, in presence of our witness, magnetized this organ. The subject immediately began to express the strongest attachment to an individual. "Who is he?" was the inquiry. At first, with the most

natural but unaffected delicacy, she declined answering, but at length confessed that it was a little boy she knew many years ago. She was asked his name. This she would not divulge at first, but, on being solicited, gave it. The witness then suggested to the magnetizer to influence Hope, which he did. She immediately expressed the most gladdening anticipations of again seeing her earliest love. But when the witness informed her that he knew several of that name, and saw them every day, and would inquire if one was not the individual in question, she became almost frantic with the joyfulness of hope. "Will you, *will* you?" exclaimed she, her countenance kindling into an intense glow of pleasure, even ecstasy, which no art could possibly counterfeit.

As in this description we would somewhat observe the order we have followed in our work, we will here state that at a third and different place Philoprogenitiveness was magnetized, and the lady expressed the most intense desire for a child to caress and pour out her affection upon. A

shawl, rolled up, was placed in her lap, and she was willed by the magnetizer to believe it a child. She enfolded it in her arms, pressed it to her bosom, and kissed it over and over, as if she had been a mother who, after months of separation, had been permitted to embrace her babe. We may remark, as we pass, that the organ doubling with Philoprogenitiveness is one producing affection for pets.

Adhesiveness was affected with the influence, and the subject expressed the warmest friendship for the witness who had hold of her hand. Another organ was then touched, and she drew back with a sudden impulse, withdrawing her hand, which was stiffened and extended as if pointing with scorn, while her features expressed the most marked dislike. The organ of this manifestation was a newly-discovered one, which has been named, for the time being, at least, Aversion. This is the mate of Combative-ness, and just in front of it.

Combative-ness being operated on, she began immediately to smite her hands to-

gether, demonstrating a spirit of angry contention. Destructiveness being excited, she exhibited at once a maniacal fury, and tore a cloth put into her hands quickly to shreds. One of this pair of organs is supposed to exercise the ordinary function of destructiveness, the other the resentful emotion, which, in its bad excess, is revenge and malice.

Alimentiveness being excited, she was so suddenly phrensied with the desire to eat, that she set her teeth into her own hand before an apple which had been procured could be got into her grasp. She crunched the fruit with the voracity of starvation.

Acquisitiveness being touched, she expressed the keenest desire to be rich. A piece of money being presented, she grasped it as if it were the only desirable thing in the world. Then Secretiveness being moved, she turned round and sought on the table her reticule, that she might hide it, she said, which she endeavoured to do in the most hurried manner possible, as if fearing that some one in the intermediate moment should discover her possession. Benevolence then

being affected, she wavered between the love of the money and the desire to give it away.

In passing, we will remark, that the lower Secretiveness is exercised in the ordinary business of life, the upper in keeping secrets intrusted, and in other moral relations.

Lower Cautiousness made her exhibit the utmost fear of falling, so that she clung to the witness for support. This fear was that most likely to arise in one who, in her blindness, had been more exposed to danger of this sort than almost any other. Upper Cautiousness produced strongly-expressed apprehensions of the Divine displeasure.

One of the most striking displays arose from the affection of Self-Esteem. She immediately set herself up in a most commanding position, with excessive hauteur of countenance. On being questioned, she announced herself as being better than any one living excepting her magnetizer; even as queen of the world, and this in the most pompous tones of voice.

Approbateness gave her an intense de-

sire to exhibit herself; to dress richly, and walk Broadway in the throng of fashion. She turned her head down a little this side, then that, with a mincingness of mouth, and general flutter of person, which no actor could possibly equal. The exhibition was so perfect a satire on individuals one now and then meets with, that, could they have seen it, they must have died, or, at least, been desperately sick of their own consciousness of character.

A new organ has been discovered, which seems to be the mate of Approbativeness, and situated between this and Self-Esteem, whose function seems to be to give the sentiment of Modesty. This affected, and the lady immediately folded her arms as close as possible round her own neck, and sunk her face, reddening with blushes, down between them. At another time she in a twinkling flung her apron over her face and head, and would not speak on earnest entreaty, so intense was her modest shame.

Tune gave her a keen desire to sing; at an exhibition in the New-York Museum, under the magnetic operations of Mr. Peale, she

sang, with the accompaniment of the piano, with a various skill of performance utterly impossible to her in her waking condition. Two organs of Tune have been discovered, we understand, one of Melody, the other of Harmony.

Time being affected, she began beating time with the most clock-like precision of movement.

Mirthfulness caused excessive laughter. The discovery of the doubleness of this organ solves a phrenological difficulty. The one nearest to Causality excites wit, the other playfulness and laughter. It is now clearly accounted for, how excessive laughers may not possess a particle of wit, and the keenest wit be quite devoid of the laughing propensity.

Ideality made her express the most exquisite admiration of the Beautiful. She talked about poetry, and repeated some verse with exceeding appropriateness of intonation and emphasis.

Sublimity being excited in connexion with the kindred organ, she rose immedi-

ately to a loftier strain. Her ideas seemed too big for utterance, and she could only exclaim about the grand and sublime. Belief was then touched in connexion, and she seemed to have distinct conceptions of glorious visionary scenes which she could not describe.

We may here remark, that the doctrine we have presented in regard to the organ of Wonder, or Belief, as we have termed it, receives by the magnetic demonstrations the most satisfactory confirmation. The only exception is, that the organ is double; the lower one relating to human statements, and the upper to faith in God and spiritual things. The ordinary function of the inferior faculty is to produce that necessary credence of one towards another, without which education could not be conducted, and the business and intercourse of daily life would cease, or fall into wretched confusion.

Lower Belief being slightly affected, and Mary being asked how she felt, replied, "I can believe anything that you will tell me." The influence being increased, she immedi-

ately manifested an inclination to the Marvellous. Certain improbable and impossible things were mentioned, such as that Niagara Falls had been swept away, and the North River was running backward, and that a church was seen taking flight into the air, and she expressed the most ready belief in the statements, accompanied with an expression of wonder on her countenance beyond all power of feigning. It seems by these discoveries, however, that Belief does not reach down touching Causality, as mentioned in our letter, following the location of Grimes. The subject, however, said there was a direct communication between the two by means of the magnetic fluid, which she described as running in little chains through the organs.

The upper organ of Belief being touched, Mary expressed the profoundest faith in God: a most calm and heaven-like feeling, she affirmed.

The organ of Human Nature, which Fowler had located just above Causality, she has described as being directly above Compari-

son. This position is perfectly analogical with the other arrangements of the brain: it is directly in a line with Individuality, Eventuality, and Comparison; it is exercised towards individuals and their eventful characters; it naturally must bring Comparison into action, in the case of discriminating between one and another. This organ was excited, and, being asked how she felt, she replied that she seemed to see people's characters. She concentrated her mind on the character of the witness, and laboured with a strong impression which she tried to express, but could not find language. There was no mistake in the organ and its manifestation. She discovered Suavitiveness to be just above Causality, where Fowler had placed the other. On the excitement of this, she gave the natural language of suavity of manners in her tones and mien.

Benevolence—the foremost organ, gives general liberality of feeling, and a desire to do good. The one back excites compassion towards suffering. She gave distinct manifestations of both. The picture of an

unfortunate human being was presented to her perceptions—cerebral, not ocular—and she expressed the deepest concern. On the subsequent day, on Benevolence being magnetized, immediately, without the suggestion of any one, she recurred to the object of pity observed the day before, with anxious concern for his relief.

The witness had long conjectured that there must be a distinct organ for expressing that most common, and, in some, very strong feeling, Gratitude. Mr. Sunderland had also assumed the same, although no attempts had yet been made towards its discovery. The witness inquired of the subject if there was such an organ. She immediately replied Yes, and directly pointed it out. It is just back of Benevolence; the front set of organs appertaining to men, and those next to veneration to God. They being subjected separately to the influence, she began at once to demonstrate gratitude in the first case to the witness, in the second towards God. How appropriate the location! how perfect the order!

Veneration made her at once put herself in the posture of worship, crossing her hands with a sweetly solemn aspect of countenance, and, on being questioned, expressing in language her delight in devotion. Then, in connexion, Faith and Hope were influenced, and her face assumed a most seraphic expression. Being asked how she felt, "O, I am in heaven!" was the answer; meaning she enjoyed heavenly happiness. In this state she besought not to be disturbed, but to be left to her blessedness.

It occurred to the witness that, if Self-Esteem were magnetized, she would necessarily manifest that self-righteousness which very good people sometimes seem to feel. It was done; and she lifted herself up at her full height in her seat, and her modest bending devotion had fled. "How do you feel, Mary?" was the question. "O, I am good; I am better than anybody else!" Conscientiousness was now touched, and then she wavered: "O, I am good, but it does not seem *right*," was the exclamation. "But I cannot help it; I do feel that I am

good, if it is not right," or words quite similar. The influence being removed from Conscientiousness, she was stiffly upright again, with an expression of face inimitable, and in positive and pompous language exclaimed, "*I am good!*"

It may here be stated, that one organ of Conscientiousness appertains to justice between man and man, the other to the relations between man and his Maker, independent of fellow-beings.

Firmness was also excited with appropriate demonstrations. One organ relates to perseverance in common pursuits, the other to steadfastness in what is right.

An organ of Will has been discovered just back of Self-Esteem, which is the mate of this organ. Will being influenced, the subject exhibited the utmost determination of character by her countenance and the position of her frame.

The organ of Language is supposed to be in triple pairs, appertaining to three distinct divisions of the subject. Manifestations of these and of several other organs, as excited by Magnetism, were not present.

ed to the witness. It is anticipated that fresh and interesting discoveries will still be numerously made by the same means, as, indeed, two new facts at least were elicited at these sittings before the witness.

It is found, moreover, that there is a magnetic connexion between the organs and the face, by means of which an appropriate expression of features is given. This termination of the magnetic currents in the countenance is called the poles of the organs: this, however, has been intimated before.

Here we end our account. We have given it because it is *true*, and presents Phrenology under a new and most interesting aspect to the reader; an aspect which we trust will induce him to investigate the science far beyond our humble work. We are sure he will, if he has the least leisure and the least love for the philosophy of man's highest nature, or any due sense of the momentousness of truth.

Thus far we had proceeded in our letter, when the March number of the American Phrenological Journal was presented to our notice. Within it we find an article by the

editor, detailing experiments with the blind patient similar to those above described, and which he (O. S. Fowler) himself witnessed. There is also a description of the pairs of organs, and a quite minute and interesting account of that connexion of the brain with the face, which, for the lack of a better term at this crisis of discovery, is denominated poles of the organs.

We will here just quote a brief passage from the aforesaid journal, as a sort of card of admittance to the confidence of our own readers.

In relation to these magnetic discoveries, the editor thus writes: "We assure our readers that we have a rich banquet of philosophical and phrenological fact, which we are sure will delight and expand every reflecting mind. Every supposed discovery, thus far, is beautiful, indescribably beautiful; accounting for, and according with the well-known facts and phenomena of mind so perfectly, that no reflecting person can close his eyes upon the truth. If any of our readers are doubtful as to this matter, let them come to New-York, and we will soon

show them what we describe, and show them, too, the utter impossibility of collusion or deception."

Good friends, this phrenological editor writes not without "testimony," if he has not yet got clearly at the "law" that goes with it. Be assured that there are hidden behind these curtains of clay, powers of the spirit, of which Philosophy has yet scarcely dreamed, but of which she is now, all watchful, getting a startling glimpse. At the announcement of the *new*, let Ridicule remember Galileo, Harvey, and Fulton, at the confirmation of whose discoveries Bigotry and Contempt covered their faces, ashamed, and hasted away.

Phrenology and Magnetism—Philosophy has written these two names on her forehead. Thereunder she is making developments as true as the turning of the globe, the circulation of the blood, and the speed of steam-power. She is eliciting truths, indeed, as much superior to those discoveries as living man is superior to the matter he is lord over, or the immortal spirit is nobler than the dull clay that conceals it.

LETTER XLIV.

ADVANTAGES OF PHRENOLOGY.—CONCLUSION.

WE close our Recommendation by a few remarks on the advantages of Phrenology. We have adverted to them here and there through our work, but a more compact and detailed enumeration may be of use. Its advantages! indeed, what mind of the least reflection, with two grains of candour, and any kind of Ideality or *Perfectiveness*, does not already perceive them? But we will just clap down a few particulars, for fear some one may need our help.

1. If Phrenology is true, who can doubt its utility? Was ever scientific truth known to be useless, and especially that which pertains to the great and Divine laws of flesh and spirit? As a mere matter of study, like any other science, it cannot but be useful in exercising the intellect, and enlarging the

comprehension of man's nature, and God's wisdom and goodness. It cannot but tend to inspire the created with a sense of his dignity, and fill him with adoring love towards the Creator.

2. It will lead to the obedience of that ancient, all-important maxim, "Know thyself." Such knowledge will enable one to adopt a vocation precisely fitted to his talents. It will give him clearly to understand his naturally vicious tendencies, so as to repress them in the outset; to perceive the weakness of any moral faculty, and thus to lend it an early and watchful nurture. Phrenology would tend to wed preaching and practice in a manner which ministerial performers have yet seldom equalled. We commend it, therefore, substantially, if not technically, to the pulpit, as well as to those who sit under it.

3. You know that Charity is the greatest of the Graces, yet how hard to put on its unwrinkled, broadly-embracing mantle, and make it sit well and suit to perfection. Phrenology will make the duty as easy as

it is for fashion to put on its shifting dresses, and, indeed, far easier; for these often sit abominably, and pinch to the point of disease, and even death. Our science reveals constitutional tendencies; the natural and greater safety of one, and the stronger and pitiable temptations of another fellow-mortal.

4. Phrenology will prompt the judicatory guardians of the public safety to exercise mercy in their awards to crime; to place the miserable felon in circumstances where his intellectual, or, at least, his moral nature, can be nurtured into all possible strength, and blessed with the felicity of growth. If he may not be permitted to roam at large in society, he will be deemed worthy, as God's offspring, of something better than absolute and perpetual solitude, within cold granite walls, or silent, thankless drudgery, though in company, over unsympathetic stone. Let Justice go with our science to the Penitentiary, and look at the cerebral deformities there, and she will come back with another companion—Com-

passion. We would not, however, prevent due attention to the criminal, but let it be *due* attention. "A man's a man for a' *that*;" and is as worthy of consideration, though *held fast*, as are official peculation, genteel swindling, and high-life forgery, *let go*.

5. Phrenology, generally and practically understood, would be of immense political utility. It would enable the people to guard against the deceptive pretensions of *little* would-be *great* men, and the base arts of selfish demagogues. This measurement of heads, notice of particular organs, together with insight into temperament, would keep many aspirants where they ought to be kept, viz., to private life. Mere lumber would not be loaded off to the legislative hall or to the executive chair; and dishonest, intriguing talent would not soar thither on the breezy hurrah. Phrenology would teach the voter to look first to Conscience, next to Intellect, but closely to both. It would inform him, moreover, in regard to party opinions, that the political oracle who pos-

sesses the largest Perceptives, surmounted by equal Reflectives, and above all, and indispensably, crowned with the loftiest Conscientiousness, is most likely to belong to the right party, and be the safest oracle. Let the Genius of Freedom, with Christianity on one side and Phrenology on the other, sit sublime in this her mighty continental home, and how would the nations wait around to catch her smile and take advice, and how would thrones grow dim and tremble at her rebuke !

6. Phrenology would be of blessed use in forming that most important and dear of all earthly ties, the marriage relation. Gentle maiden, study it ; study it, as you value your peace, as you would mate yourself into a happy home, and especially as you would train yourself to make that home a paradise to the chosen of your heart. This is no laughing matter, although you may mirthfully read it. Could you see with the Perceptions our science would put into your power, you would infinitely prefer life-long singleness in your native abode, or severest

toil among strangers, to the hand which otherwise might crush you, body and spirit, to uttermost misery.

Young, hopeful man! the same doctrine will apply to you. With our science, you would often find beauty as but ashes, ay, ashes with *fire* in them, too. On the altar of wedlock they would shoot up the flame of sacrifice indeed—the sacrifice of a husband's peace. Wisdom, enshrined in Phrenology, calls aloud to both sexes, “Come unto me and learn. Get understanding; it is better than rubies, whether in the casket of manhood, or on the countenance of woman!”

7. Finally, our Philosophy presents advantages, most incalculable and momentous, in man's chief end on earth—Education; the training of his nature for happiness below and above, and for the glory of God. Fathers and mothers, study it, as you love your children better than anything else here, except, perhaps, the parent mate. It would, in their early infancy, give you that knowledge of their constitutional character,

without which you might neglect, or indulge them to their ruin. Behold that twain-natured gift from the bosom of earth and the Father of Spirits, reposing on the maternal lap; how innocent! how interesting! What elements of temporal fortune, of everlasting destiny, are infolded in that helpless, scarcely conscious babe! Should its angel, which, in Scripture language, now beholds the face of the Father in heaven, descend visibly into your home, and there, with melodious eloquence, instruct you in your child's peculiar character and wants, and how you could best adapt yourselves thereto, and be successful educators, blessed and blessing, would you not listen? would you not obey? *That* angel cometh not; but there is one here within your call—her whom we have now recommended. She has been sent by Providence to this latter age—and to *you*. Consult her, and she will speak in tones truthfully harmonious, and with a persuasion divine, for it is given her by God. Save that babe, that it may at last go up to its welcoming angel who

stands waiting in the presence of the Father most High!

Dear friends, our task is finished. May our Recommendation not be without effect. Send it, ye Handmaids of Science; speed it, Spirit of Patriotism; spread it, Christian Philanthropy, as wide as the popular use and acceptance of our Name!

A P P E N D I X.

NEW MAGNETIC AND PHRENOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

HAVING alluded, in the preceding pages, to some magnetic and phrenological discoveries made the past year by the Rev. La Roy Sunderland, of New-York, the author cannot doubt but his readers will be gratified on seeing the following brief account of them, from the pen of Mr. Sunderland himself, as quoted from the New-York Watchman.

“ For some fifteen years past I have given my attention, more or less, to the study of the Nervous System, and have made use of all the means in my power for investigating the laws of Human Physiology. My mind was first interested in this subject by seeing persons very strangely affected under religious excitement, when they were said to ‘lose their strength,’ and swoon away, as in cases of catalepsy. In these cases, I have frequently known the limbs and the entire system to become perfectly rigid, and sometimes persons have assumed to have visions, trances, etc., and I have known them to lie in this state more than forty-eight hours at one time.

“ These and similar phenomena led me to suppose the existence of laws which governed the Nervous System, or some other substance, identical with the living human body, which had not been understood, and which afforded the only true foundation which could be assigned for anything real which has ever taken place under the name of

Mesmerism. Accordingly, about a year ago, I determined on an investigation of this subject, for the purpose of sifting it to the bottom, and ascertaining how far the Nervous System could be affected by the influence of the human will. The results of my first cerebral experiments were published in the course of the past year, and excited the attention of numerous scientific gentlemen in this city and elsewhere, many of whom have repeatedly suggested to me the propriety of furnishing an account of them in a volume. This I design to do, as soon as I can find sufficient time for arranging and preparing the materials which I have collected for this purpose.

“I wish it to be distinctly understood, that in making known these discoveries, illustrating and proving, as I am confident they do, the science of Phrenology and the Magnetic Nature of Man, I do not endorse the ten thousand silly stories which have been put in circulation by the enemies or dupes of mesmerism. The results of my experiments have been witnessed by numbers of medical and scientific gentlemen in this city, and they have been performed under such a vast variety of circumstances, that collusion was altogether out of the question, as the subjoined testimonies are sufficient to demonstrate.

“These discoveries are so new, so wonderful in their nature, and in their consequences promise so much in behalf of Mental Science, that it is not to be supposed that they will be admitted by any who do not use the necessary means to satisfy themselves of their truth.

“They may be briefly stated as follows :

“1. That every living being possesses a *peculiar magnetic nature*, which is governed by laws of its own.

“2. That the two magnetic forces are the means of *sensation*, and voluntary and involuntary *motion*.

“ 3. That every mental and physical organ, and every muscle, has its corresponding poles.

“ 4. That the magnetic forces from the different organs terminate in the face and neck, and by means of them the various expressions of Fear, Hope, Love, Anger, etc., are expressed in the countenance, and the muscles and limbs are made to obey the human will, thus laying the only true and rational foundation for Physiognomy, and the expression of the passions and feelings in the features of the face.

“ 5. That these organs and their poles may be excited *separately*, or their action modified, as the condition of the patient may require.

“ 6. That the *phrenological organs are not only located in groups, but most, if not all of them, exist in double pairs!* and some in *triple or quadruple pairs!*

“ 7. That the poles in the face are grouped in correspondence with the phrenological organs.

“ 8. That one pair of the organs (the Intellectual and Devotional ones especially) are more elevated and refined in their exercises than the others. Thus I find that the lower organs of Comparison take cognizance of things, the upper ones compare ideas; the lower organs of Causality are exercised on things, the upper on metaphysical subjects, etc.

“ 9. That some of the organs exist in opposition to each other; as, for instance, *Love and Aversion, Self-Esteem and Submission, Contentment and Complaining, Joy and Sadness, etc., etc.*

“ This discovery is exceedingly interesting, and every phrenologist will at once perceive how immensely important it is to the science, and how satisfactorily it explains many difficulties which have hitherto perplexed and embarrassed those most experienced in this interesting study.

“ Most of the cerebral organs being in double pairs, their number must, of course, be much larger than that heretofore supposed. These experiments have demonstrated the existence and location of a number of new organs, among which are the following ; for instance, *Retribution, Gratitude, Patriotism, Jealousy, Modesty, Aversion, Complaining, Smell, Taste, Pity, Regularity, Cheerfulness, Weeping, Wit* as distinguished from simple *Mirthfulness, Joy, Contentment, Method, etc., etc.*

“ That these discoveries are *real, and founded in the nature of man, and that they will ultimately be admitted and advocated, as their importance demands,* I as fully believe as I do that the sun will continue to rise and set. And to have been an humble instrument in first making these facts known to the world, affords me more pleasure than I could ever derive from silver or gold, or all that this earth can afford.

“ I have, times without number, produced *Sleep-waking, Somnambulism, Monomania, Insanity, or Madness,* and removed the excitement at pleasure. By operating on the poles in the face, action may be produced or suppressed in the heart, lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, stomach, larynx, etc., or any muscle or limb in the system ; and by the same means, I have found that the nerves of sensation throughout the system may be excited or paralyzed, and to a degree truly astonishing to such as have never seen these most interesting phenomena.

“ In conclusion, I would request the attention of the candid to the following

“ TESTIMONIES :

“ ‘ *New-York, March 2, 1842.*

“ ‘ The subscribers have been present, and witnessed numerous cerebral experiments performed by the Rev. La

Roy Sunderland, by which various phenomena were produced in the mental exercises of the patient, such as *Sleep-waking, Laughing, Singing*, and the states of mind resembling *Madness, Monomania, Insanity*, etc., were brought on and removed in a few seconds of time. In our opinion, there was no collusion in the production of these phenomena ; but, as far as we can judge, they seem to have been brought about by the application of laws to the human system which have not been well understood heretofore, and which have not received that attention which the importance of the subject would seem to demand.

“ ‘ H. H. SHERWOOD, M.D.,

“ ‘ REV. ISAAC COVERT,

“ ‘ REV. J. H. MARTYN,

“ ‘ O. S. FOWLER.’

“ ‘ *New-York, March 2, 1842.*

“ ‘ Let this certify, that I have been present several times when the Rev. La Roy Sunderland made his magnetic experiments upon a blind girl named Mary. These experiments were conducted in the presence of a number of gentlemen, medical and scientific, and at each sitting there were different persons present. No appearance of an attempt at collusion on *his* part was in the least degree perceptible, and, from my knowledge of *his* character, I do not suspect any. I feel more freely entitled to give this certificate, because, not having sufficiently examined the subject, I have my doubts as to any practical results which may be, certainly, in *all* cases, derived from such magnetic operations. The honest ardour displayed by Mr. Sunderland to reach truth, is, to myself, abundant proof of his sincerity.

“ ‘ DANIEL L. M. PEIXOTTO, M.D.,

“ ‘ *Formerly President of the N. Y. Medical Society.*’

“The new discoveries in Human Physiology and Psychology which he proposes to unfold, are indeed of the most astonishing character, and, if substantiated, will place Phrenology and Magnetism among the most important of the positive sciences. Our acquaintance with the subject is very slight, but we know REV. LA ROY SUNDERLAND, and we can say, with the utmost confidence, that neither his integrity nor sagacity will be questioned by any who enjoy his acquaintance.—*N. Y. Tribune, Feb. 23, 1842.*”

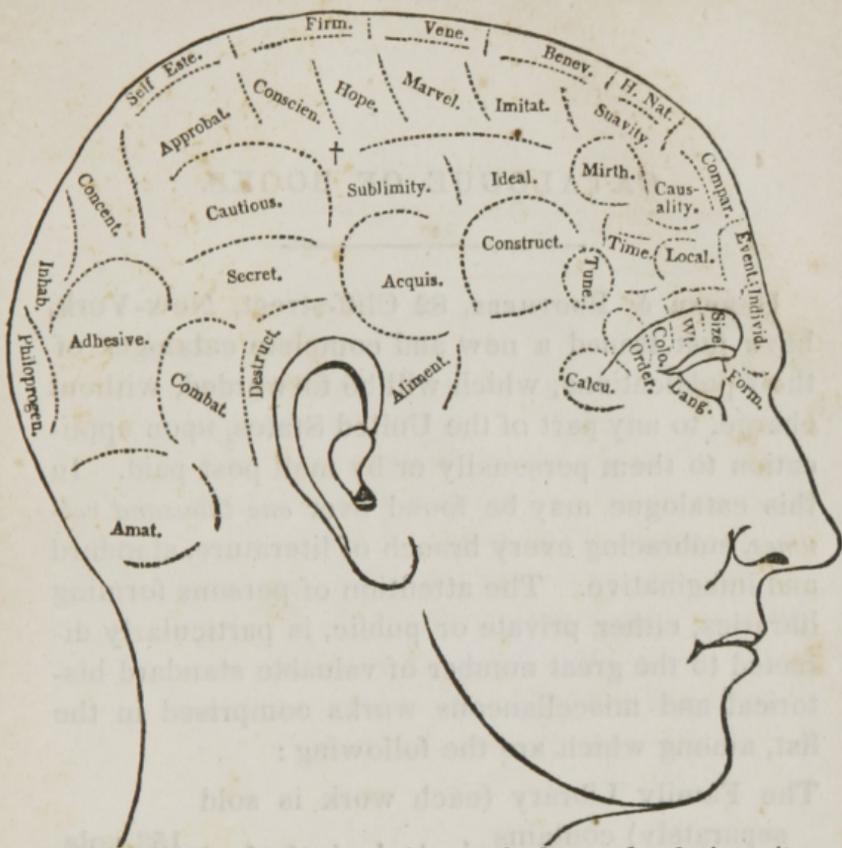
“It is believed that the results of these experiments demonstrate the assumption above stated, and that they give the only true explanation of *Somnambulism, Monomania, Insanity, Dreaming*, and other mental phenomena, which have hitherto remained shrouded in mystery.

“LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

“*New-York, March 11, 1842.*”

G. B. GATES.

THE END.



NOTE.—In referring to the particular and relative situations of the organs in the head, the author has adopted the locations of Combe and others; and it was, at first, intended to present here a copy of the plate in Combe's Phrenology. But recent discoveries have proved the locations as designated by the Fowlers to be more correct; a copy from one of their plates has therefore been preferred. In a few instances organs, supposed by the author to be conjoined, are separated above. But most of the locations are as described in this treatise. Human Nature and Suavitiveness have been altered from the plate copied, and put here in the positions made known by late curious investigations. A Phrenological cast will add much to the interest and accuracy of inquiry, and is certainly worth the possession of every one who would study himself and his fellow-men. That marked by the Fowlers is at present probably, the most accurate.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 Cliff-street, New-York, have just issued a new and complete catalogue of their publications, which will be forwarded, without charge, to any part of the United States, upon application to them personally or by mail post paid. In this catalogue may be found over *one thousand volumes*, embracing every branch of literature, standard and imaginative. The attention of persons forming libraries, either private or public, is particularly directed to the great number of valuable standard historical and miscellaneous works comprised in the list, among which are the following :

The Family Library (each work is sold separately) contains	153 vols.
The Classical Library	36 vols.
The School District Library	200 vols.
Boys' and Girls' Library	32 vols.
Mrs. Sherwood's Works	15 vols.
Miss Edgeworth's Works	15 vols.
Sparks's American Biography	10 vols.
Hannah More's Works	6 vols.
Shakspeare's Works	6 vols.

